Saturday Review

APRIL 27, 1957 / 25¢

RECORDINGS

The late Dinu Lipatti, whose final public recital is reviewed in RECORDINGS.

HOW SOCIAL IS SCIENCE?
By Poul Anderson

THE SNOPES FAMILY REVISITED
A Review of William Faulkner's New Novel

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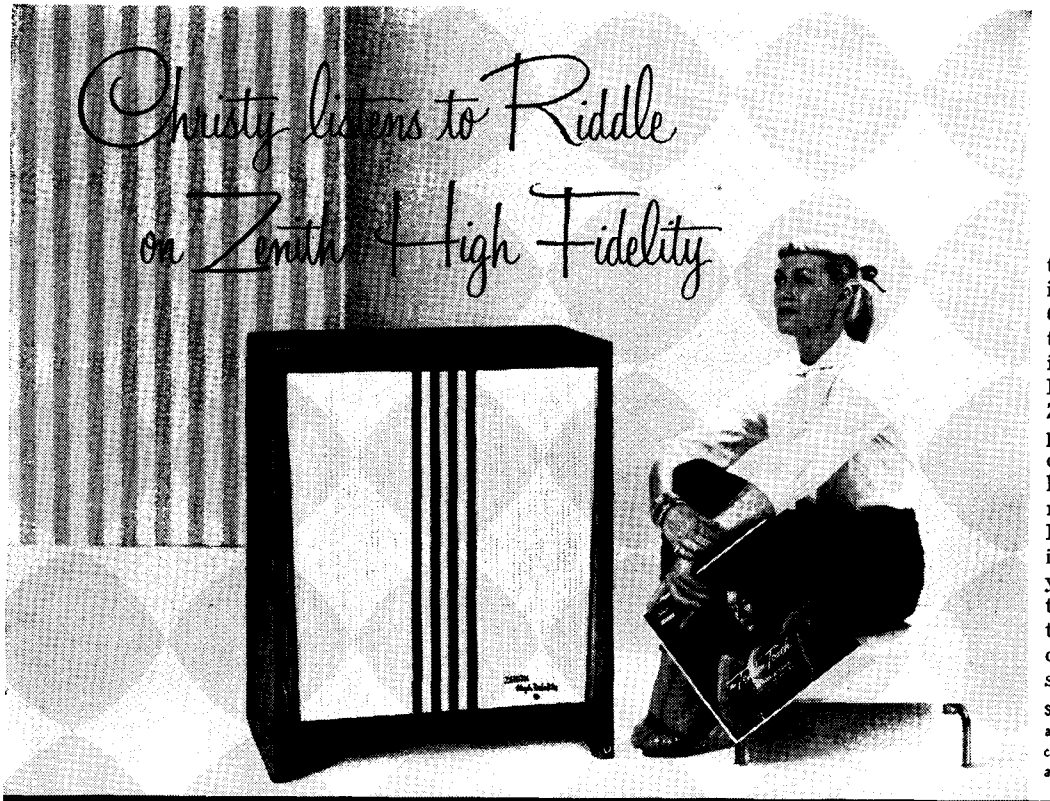

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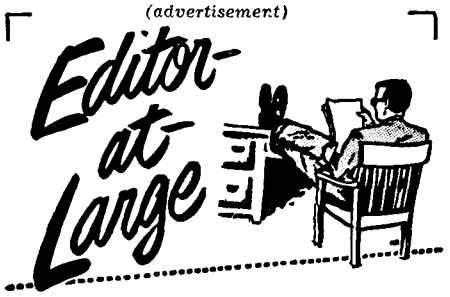

The concept of "togetherness" has been given a great deal of attention recently by a leading magazine, and I must say I'm in favor of this campaign.

I agree there should be more "togetherness" among husband and wife, parents and children, and neighbors. I even know a few people, each prone to scurry off in various directions at one time, who could use a little "togetherness" on an individual basis.

But as much as I admire "togetherness," I think there is something to be said for "apartness," and I would like to say it.

There is much rewarding satisfaction in sitting alone in constructive thought or idle revery; in walking or driving along, especially through a Spring landscape; in viewing pictures or listening to music alone.

And there is particular pleasure in the "apartness" of reading a good book, in reflecting on its ideas or simply revelling in the enjoyment of a good story.

You will have your own ideas of the ideal book for promoting a useful "apartness." Among recent books, one candidate of mine would be Negley Farson's "A Mirror For Narcissus."

Farson is an American newspaperman who has ranged widely among the high and the low in various parts of the globe. He has set down his impressions in a continuously interesting autobiography which is also a picture of the world through which we have staggered during the last few decades.

Next time you feel "togetherness" closing in, try this, or some other good book, and taste the joys of "apartness."

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Negley Farson's "A Mirror for Narcissus" ($3.95), a sequel to his popular "The Way of the Transgressor," is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 526 Lexington Ave., New York City.

The Saturday Review

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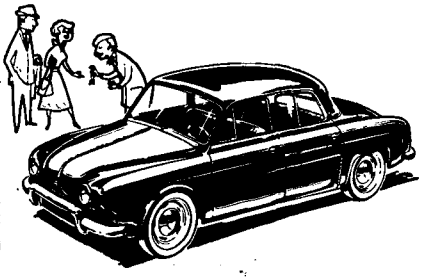

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TRADE Winds

IN QUOTES: ► A television producer for NBC, exhausted by the perpetual search for and the wearing down of new talent and material, commented recently to a colleague on the trouble with television: "Too many acts to grind."

► Overheard between the acts of an allegedly overrated big Broadway musical: "I can tell you this—I don't want to miss one damn minute of the intermission!"

► Before Michael Arlen died, the author of "The Green Hat" would lunch each day in quiet elegance at the St. Regis. We joined him there some time ago, when he expressed his philosophy with directness and simplicity: "The best of everything is quite good enough for me."

► A fourth-grader, whose mother and father are both writers, and whose house is constantly filled with preview galleys and manuscripts, noticed a small moppet friend reading a book. "Oh," the fourth-grader said. "*Our* family never reads anything after it's come out."

TWO YEARS AGO the Museum of Modern Art opened its photographic exhibit "The Family of Man," conceived and selected by Edward Steichen, to a responsive audience and enthusiastic nods from the critics. Since that time it has been viewed by more than 2,000,000 persons throughout the world: by more than 1,000,000 in Japan alone; by more than half of Belgrade's population; by 10,000 Guatemalans in a single day; by more people throughout the world than any other art exhibit.

The book based on the exhibit, developed under the tireless interest of

Jerry Mason, has passed the 1,000,000 mark, 200,000 of the English version being sold in Holland. It is already a basic text for university art and sociology courses, but oddly enough was turned down by four publishers before Mason got Simon & Schuster to reconsider and accept.

We went to visit Edward Steichen and found that talking with him about the work is something of a spiritual experience, as many others who know him attest. He is now seventy-eight, having devoted almost sixty years to the cause of the creative human intelligence. The genesis of the idea for "The Family of Man" was an evolution of the lifetime of Steichen's creative thought. He sought to do two things: to express his basic belief in the oneness of Man, and to do it through the camera, which in itself, he believes, is the only medium possible to convey his thought in a clear, universal language.

The Museum of Modern Art, with which Mr. Steichen is associated, backed him with strong faith and a budget of $125,000.

Working in a loft over a strip-tease joint to the blare of a cheap jazz band, Mr. Steichen and his assistant

Wayne Miller screened more than 2,000,000 photographs, reduced them to 10,000, then 5,000—and, at last, 1,000. At this point the agony began: the heartbreaking, crucial decisions which would shape the final theme in half that number in a tongue which Hindu or Hungarian could read with equal clarity.

There are 502 photographs from sixty-eight countries in the final work. "If I had to cut ten from this number I don't believe I could do it," Mr. Steichen will tell you.

Without preachment or incantation, the exhibit accomplishes the work of a thousand sermons. Yet, ironically, its theme has eluded some. When a large foundation was approached for financial aid, one of its officers said: "This is too big a job. Why don't you confine it to the countries of the Atlantic Pact?"

Mr. Steichen, a man of tolerance, benignity, and forbearance, nodded politely and left.

WITH EMPHASIS these days on reading improvement techniques, we got to wondering how the Virginia Kirkus service went about covering some 4,000 books a year for a newsletter which has the profound respect of publishers, booksellers, and librarians for its ability to predict the success

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Mrs. Kirkus, strangely, never *learned* to read. Her father, an Episcopalian minister of Meadville, Pennsylvania, discovered her reading accurately at the age of five without previous instruction—and that was all there was to it. Today she can read by running her eyes diagonally down a page—a good system, for the adept. Her grandfather's influence she has felt always. A learned scholar from the University of London, he told her at the age of eight: "I suppose you are only up to Virgil. Here is a copy of 'The Iliad.' Ask your father how to pronounce the names, and *never* forget them. It is so ill-bred."

But with all this influence and a Vassar diploma behind her, she never forgets the purpose of her job: to forecast dispassionately how books will be regarded by readers who have to put cold and un-academic cash on the line.

WE CONFESS to being a fawning Boswell over the numerous throw-away remarks of playwright-mystery writer Bill Roos, who with his wife, Audrey, has turned out a chain of bright and readable mysteries under the name Kelly Roos.

Roos recently vacationed with his family in Florida, driving both ways. We asked how he enjoyed the trip. He cleared his throat and said: "Have you ever spent four days in a small Studebaker with those you love best?"

The conversation ended there.

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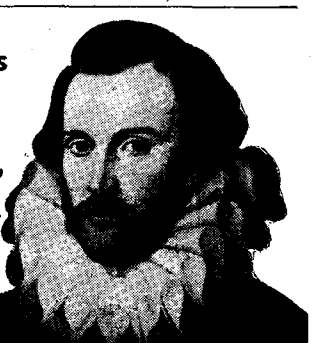

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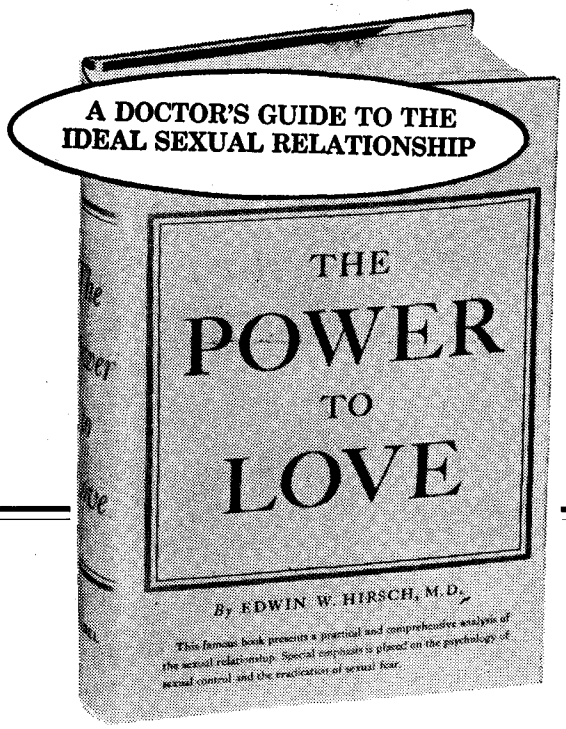
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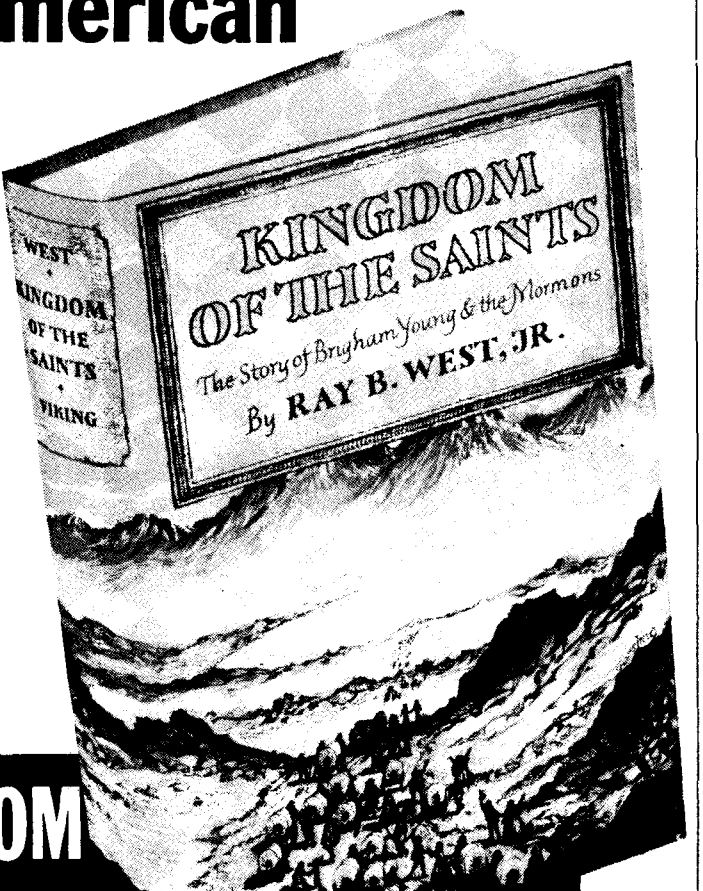

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instructing actress Geraldine Page in a part which later brought her solid accolades from the critics. Miss Page, a master of the gesture and stage movement, translates her art in the straight drama almost as if it were ballet. But at one point the director was compelled to yell: "Don't just *do* something, stand there!"

JUSTIN KAPLAN of Simon & Schuster is an alert, serious editor with a real sense of responsibility. Speaking of the struggle of writers to become recognized he said: "It's awfully hard for a real writer to remain undiscovered unless he is trying to stay that way. There is a theory going around publishing houses that there are 15,000 undiscovered writers floating about in limbo.

"Why the number is 15,000 and why they remain undiscovered is a mystery to me. Editors *want* to discover a real talent, live in the hope of doing so every day. And even if a manuscript is rough and unpolished, very few editors read it as it *is*—they read it in terms of what it *can* be."

WARDEN DOUGLAS RIGG, of State Prison, Stillwater, Minnesota, is not only a penologist of stature, but an ardent book-lover. With a prison population of 1,100 inmates to supervise, he finds time to be fully conversant with modern and classic literature. He has the respect of his most hardened criminals. His reaction to the best-selling "Compulsion" carries with it both authority and understanding: "Like confidence men," he writes, "we penologists have to commit considerable larceny. Many of our concepts are lifted from textbooks and lectures. Then among ourselves we complain about 'all theory and no practice'.

"We have heard rumors to the effect that some novelists have come up with some answers that transcend clinical studies. Probably we have neglected them because, like all good 'con' men, we only want to appear scientific. Meyer Levin's book has convinced me that we must admit novelists to the select group whose brains we pick and at whose feet we learn. And you can add to his name Jack London, Victor Hugo, Charles Dickens, Nelson Algren, Richard Wright, Alan Paton, and others. . . ."

Incidentally, Warden Rigg lives in a gaunt, giant house across from the prison, imaginatively redecorated by his wife with resourcefulness and talent. Two of his trusties, the cook and the chauffeur, are former wife-murderers who perform their jobs outstandingly well. "By far the best men available for the jobs," says Rigg. And he swears he means it.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

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The Saturday Review

APRIL 27, 1957

HOW SOCIAL IS SCIENCE?

The Possible War Between Science and Prosperity, Technology, and Bureaucracy

By POUL ANDERSON, *one of the best-known American science-fictioneers, regular contributor to* Astounding Science-Fiction, *and co-author (with Gordon Dickson) of the upcoming story-collection, "Earthman's Burden."*

WHAT *is* science?

I don't ask this question in the spirit of the lexicographer, but in a much more urgent and critical mood. For the fact is that history records societies which possess many virtues, but possess no science; and other societies which possess no virtues, but possess a fine science. There are societies which exhibit highly expert mathematicians, but no physicists; or which encourage meteorologists, but imprison astronomers. There are societies which produce such futuristic and dangerous instrumentalities as the hydrogen bomb, but no comparable science of human relations or politics to guide their use.

In the case of our own Western society, we have come, with some justice, to feel that science is our personal preserve. In late years we have decided that "scientific method" is the heart and soul of any "real" science. This may or may not be provincial intolerance, but is nonetheless the framework within which we must discuss the matter.

Every scientist knows that the questions which inspire his labors to a large extent condition his discoveries. What is not so commonly appreciated is that it is Society which conditions the scientist's questions; and therefore, at two removes, Society which conditions the shape and destiny of its science. And so it is very possible that a society as powerful, centralized, and rapid-changing as our own, based on science, might—all unconsciously, through ignorance or neglect—permit science-discouraging influences to grow and gain ascendancy. We could strangle ourselves with our own hands, and that is what we must watch out for.

Science cannot simply be defined as exact knowledge. In the first place, as Jeans once remarked, a heap of unorganized facts is no more a science than a heap of bricks is a house. Too, information which is both precise and highly organized need not be scientific. The classical Chinese scholar or the modern English professor knows just what he is talking about, but the subject matter is proudly non-scientific. Music and theology also come to mind. Even exact, systematic knowledge about the physical universe is not necessarily science as we understand it. The Babylonians tabulated stellar and planetary motions with some precision, had pretty good rule-of-thumb mathematics to help them . . . and came up with astrology. Clearly, the *goal* and the *method* of gathering facts are more important than the particular facts which happen to turn up. The scientific method is certainly not identical with the playful tinkering which led to the bow and arrow, or even with the painful learning-from-experience which produced agriculture. Conceivably a researcher could try everything in shotgun fashion and eventually stumble on a discovery, but in practice he has no way to relate isolated observations to each other without a theory; and the same theory will suggest to him what else to look for and how to refine his knowledge of what he already has found.

By science, therefore, we Westerners mean a body of more-or-less organized fact and theory together with

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LEIBNIZ (1646-1716): That Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz was a born scientist no one disputes: he invented the calculus; he presented a primitive calculating machine to the Royal Society at the age of twenty-five; his mind shot forth innumerable insights on all the sciences from optics to navigation. But in a way Leibniz's career was lost to science. His forty prime years were spent in preparing a history of the House of Brunswick. Between these duties he sandwiched the creation of an immense but conventional metaphysics, confiding his more important, unconventional ideas to a secret correspondence. He was a substantial genius, but a much-wasted scientist.

ARCHIMEDES (*c.* 287-212 B.C.): Perhaps the greatest of Greek scientists, Archimedes lived in Syracuse long after many political catastrophes had ruined the homeland. A well-born man, his instincts led him to geometry. When Rome fell on Syracuse, Archimedes was called on to design massive war-engines for his city's defense; they were successful, but not sufficiently so to fend off the attack, and Archimedes was killed in the general massacre that ensued. His life poignantly illustrates the peculiar limitations of the Greek intellect which—despite its spectacular qualities—somehow failed to combine mathematics and gadget-making into a self-propelling science.

BENJAMIN THOMPSON, COUNT RUMFORD (1753-1814): Benjamin Thompson, who at nineteen married a rich widow fourteen years his senior, is the model of the gentleman-scientist. A Massachusetts Tory, he fled from the Revolution, served in the English Government for several years, and ended up in the service of the Elector of Bavaria. Rumford's work for this prince included the ministry of police, a reorganization of the army, and the arrest of 2,600 Munich beggars in one day and their conveyance to a work-house of his own design. His memorable contribution to science—a study of the nature of heat—was inspired by experiences in Bavarian cannon-manufactories.

a process of discovery (the scientific method) involving hypothetical explanations whose deductive consequences are checked against observed data and which are discarded when they don't work. One distinction should be made clear from the start. While scientific knowledge and procedure have yielded much modern technology, science is not a collection of industrial recipes or gadgets. Most technological advances are results—one way or another—of the scientific method; but they are not themselves a part of it.

Of course, Society does not always know what it wants, or pay attention to what is homely and unspectacular, and these defects account for many of the vagaries of scientific progress. As John W. Campbell once pointed out, the cathode-ray tube of the 1870s was a laboratory toy because the primary interest of physicists then was concentrated on electric motors and arc lights. If someone had started playing with that toy, and thought to apply a charge to a metal disc with a hole through which the cathode radiation passed to make a bright spot on the anode, he would immediately have seen how this spot varied in size as he varied the charge. It would be a natural next step to experiment with a grid of parallel wires, which would in turn have led almost inevitably to a triode amplifier. Radar might have been in reality in 1900! Progress in electronics, and hence in chemistry and in nuclear physics, would have been speeded up fantastically. However, this did not happen, chiefly because the contemporary world was demanding more efficient large-scale industrial apparatus—not highly sensitive electrical responses on an infinitesimal scale.

Society at any time in the past century would doubtless have welcomed a really useful solar-energy device. Such a thing seems to have existed potentially for decades: another laboratory toy, a row of polished knife-edged surfaces which, in effect, absorb all incident solar radiation and turn it to heat. Only in the last year or two has anyone given this gadget serious attention; most solar-energy experts have not yet even heard of it. Why? Accident; nobody chanced to think it was important.

I grant that the internal development of a given branch of science has a certain sequence. You can't very well have a systematic heliocentric astronomy before you have a body of data like Tycho's, or visualize a galaxy before you know what a solar system is. The inverse-square law of gravitation has small value without the calculus. But there is no obvious reason why the "human" sciences—psychology, sociology, anthropology, economics, and so on—could not be highly developed in a world with a very backward physical science. It's quite possible that the accidental success of physics and chemistry have smothered these disciplines in the West: partly by attracting talent out of them and partly by imposing false canons on them. If the methods appropriate to the study of the atom are not well suited to the study of man—which seems plausible—then the physical-science orientation of the modern world has forced humanistic science into an unnatural imitative mold, and its disappointing results can be understood.

This disappointment is not necessarily due to the greater complexity of the subject. It may be a matter of not having found the right approach. This failure may in turn be caused by a too narrow definition of "scientific method." In other words, it may be "Western society" that is to blame for our Western weakness in the human sciences—not the nature of these subjects.

IT MAY be that Society is also to blame for the fact that the relativity concept had to wait until the twentieth century for elucidation, instead of coming to birth in the seventeenth. The Indo-European languages have a structure based on substantives and actions (nouns and verbs). They draw an unreal distinction between what a "thing" *is* and what it *does*, and compound this confusion by separating its qualities from the "thing" itself—as if "heaviness" had some separate existence apart from the class of heavy objects.

In scientific theory, if there is reason to suppose that some action is taking place, it becomes all too natural to imagine that there must be something which acts—if you think in Indo-European terms. For instance, classical physics had cause to believe in electromagnetic undulations: or, strictly speaking, in certain phenomena describable by wave-type equations. It was therefore a linguistic (not, be it noted, a logical) necessity to postulate an "ether" which could undulate. This ether became more-or-less identified with absolute space. But the substantive concept of space or of time is due merely to the fact that in the Indo-European languages

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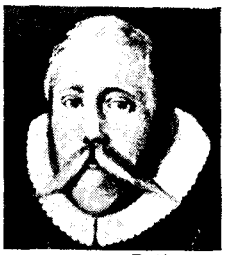
ALHAZEN (?-1038): One of the unsolved problems of human genius is why the imperial Arabs, with the legacy of age-old Mesopotamian astronomy, the capture and digestion of the learning of the Greeks during the decline of Byzantium, and the crucial advantage of the decimal system, did not break out of their medieval mold to establish a genuine science. But they did not, or could not, and the history of Arab science is the story of more-or-less isolated savants like Alhazen of Cairo, the renowned geometrician and physicist, whose disciples were not his own countrymen but the aggressive Europeans of the Renaissance.

LEONARDO DA VINCI (1452-1519): The famous Italian polymath was in boyhood trained to be a painter. A charming, modest personality, plus obvious genius, brought him early to the attention of the colorful princes of Italy and France, by whom he was employed to sketch and sculpt; to design fortresses and engines of war; to direct the construction of water-works and court-pageants; to study the weather, mountains, perspective, and geography. His years of practical labor were ornamented with private memos on everything under the sun from circulation of the blood to airplanes and submarines, but he was too far ahead of his time to found a scientific tradition.



—*Bettmann.*

TYCHO BRAHE (1546-1601): As a young Danish aristocrat of twenty-five, Tycho persuaded an uncle to build him an astronomical laboratory near the family home. His immediate success there gained him the ear of the King, who four years later gave him his own observatory, with a private island to go with it, where Tycho labored for twenty-one years. Ironically, Tycho's claim to fame rests not on his own theories, but on the incomparably meticulous observations he made and recorded for thirty years which were—after his death—applied by his last pupil, Kepler, to the first, solid scientific confirmation of the Copernican cosmology.

"space" and "time" are substantive nouns.

Newton's contemporary Leibniz recognized the self-contradictory character of the "absolute space" concept, as shown by his correspondence with Newton's pupil and advocate, Clarke. He pointed out, for example, that the only way to detect it would be to find something which was absolutely at rest—but this particle or ether or what-have-you would, by definition of motion, be moving with respect to everything else! His suggestions lay fallow to Poincaré's day, and not till Einstein did anyone base a complete physical theory on the insight. This is not a matter of Leibniz being an obscure figure like Mendel. Is it too much to suggest that his acute analysis was neglected because the structure of Western language made it difficult to understand?

Without such a handicap, Newton and his successors might well have created a theory of relativity. It would probably have looked more like Milne's than Einstein's, but would have reached many of the same conclusions—and I daresay it would have stimulated an earlier development of non-Euclidean geometry and quantum mechanics. Atomic energy in the eighteenth or nineteenth century? Quite possibly!

In some respects, of course, we have been linguistically fortunate. However imperfectly, our languages do reflect enough of the structure of the universe for us to think in scientific terms. It is probably more than chance that the Chinese, for all their high civilization, never developed a true science, but remained—from the modern point of view—tinkerers; or that Oriental scientists today habitually write in some European language. But, even so, in many regions of suitable languages science never appeared. Just where did it begin, and why? Was it bound to come, or has it only been a chance kink in human destiny?

Some people would call it a natural, inevitable development, derived from prehistoric gropings. In this view, the first man to observe the sun's path through the year was the first astronomer, and so on. When they get into recorded history, these thinkers see science continuing to evolve through Egyptian surveyors, Babylonian astrologers, Greek philosophers, and medieval alchemists; the scientific method proper is only the latest link in a very old chain.

But, while accumulated knowledge was certainly necessary, it was not sufficient. We have always had observation, cataloguing, accidental discovery, practical improvement of practical techniques; but gadgets are not science, a point which remains unclear to many present-day minds. All the tinkering and all the hazy speculations in the world will never yield the theory of electromagnetism, nor the electronics based on this theory. So, if we cannot find a particular date on the calendar to label "Birth of Science," we can at least narrow the event down to a small group of people within a small span of time. Since it is European man who alone possessed the scientific method until quite recently, we need only ask ourselves whether he actually originated it, or merely improved what he had borrowed from someone else.

There is a school of thought which credits the Arabs of the Middle Ages with being the fathers of science. It is true that they were a more educated people than their European contemporaries, and that they possessed not only a great deal of information handed down from the Greeks and Hindus but did some independent work. Examples such as Alhazen's treatise on optics in the early eleventh century, and the work of others in astronomy and chemistry, do suggest that they were on the verge of a scientific revolution. But it never materialized. Scholarship fell back to arid controversies much like those of the late medieval Schoolmen. The development of European thought can be traced from Classical times, and except for occasional ideas like decimal notation (indispensable) and alchemy (a blind alley which wasted many talented man-years and contributed nothing except a little laboratory technique), it is independent of foreign influences . . . at least as regards science. We certainly did learn much else from both Africa and the Orient.

The most conventional viewpoint traces the scientific method back to the Greeks, asserting that it existed in Hellenistic times and was revived in the Renaissance. But, with all due respect for the Classical world, this is simply not true. The Hellenistic era came amazingly close to such a revolution, both intellectual and industrial. Hero's aeolipile was an embryonic steam turbine. Archimedes appreciated the potentialities of both mathematics and machinery. A number of automata were designed, chiefly for stage effects in temples, and

(*Continued on page* 29)

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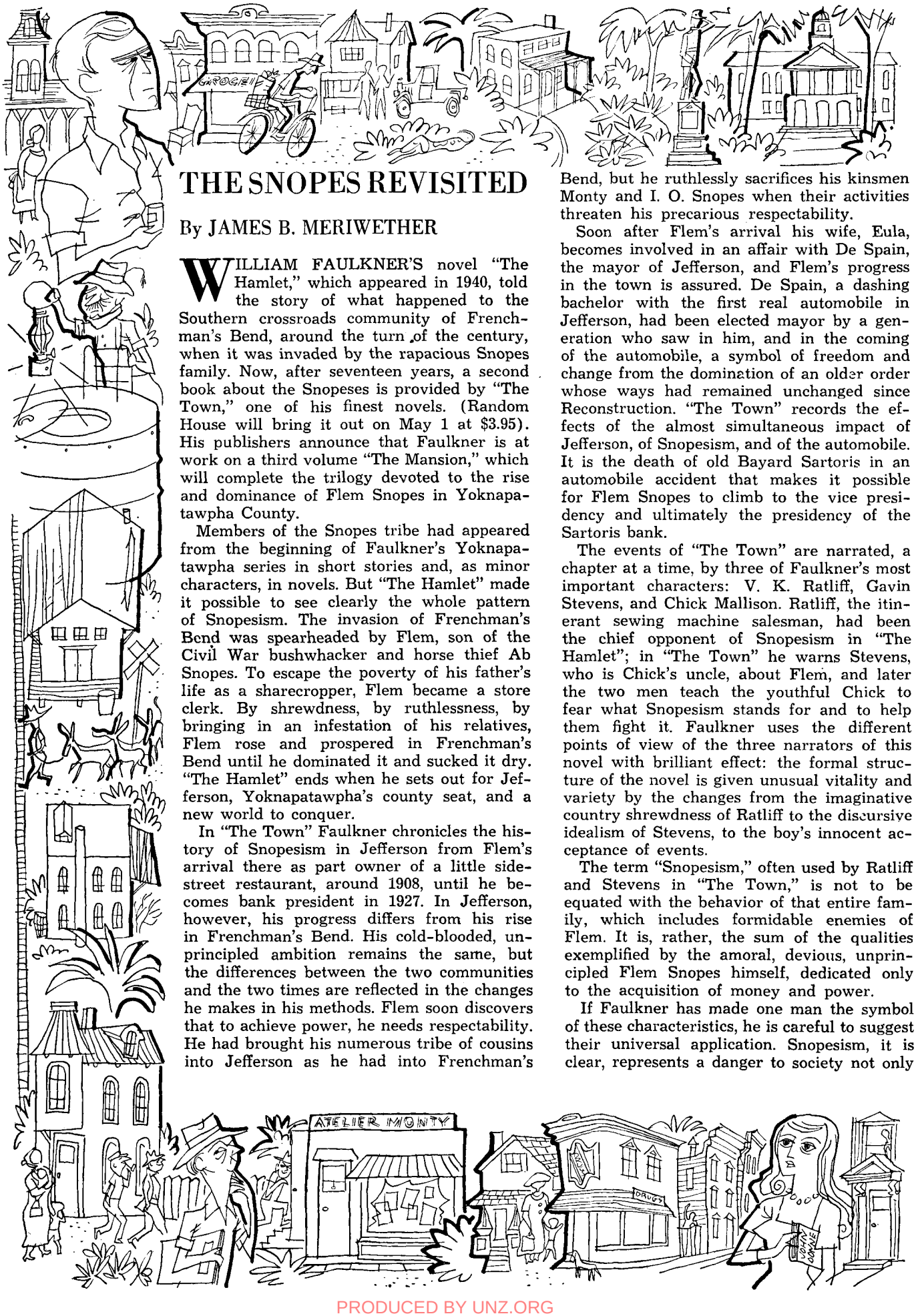

THE SNOPES REVISITED

By JAMES B. MERIWETHER

WILLIAM FAULKNER'S novel "The Hamlet," which appeared in 1940, told the story of what happened to the Southern crossroads community of Frenchman's Bend, around the turn of the century, when it was invaded by the rapacious Snopes family. Now, after seventeen years, a second book about the Snopeses is provided by "The Town," one of his finest novels. (Random House will bring it out on May 1 at $3.95). His publishers announce that Faulkner is at work on a third volume "The Mansion," which will complete the trilogy devoted to the rise and dominance of Flem Snopes in Yoknapatawpha County.

Members of the Snopes tribe had appeared from the beginning of Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha series in short stories and, as minor characters, in novels. But "The Hamlet" made it possible to see clearly the whole pattern of Snopesism. The invasion of Frenchman's Bend was spearheaded by Flem, son of the Civil War bushwhacker and horse thief Ab Snopes. To escape the poverty of his father's life as a sharecropper, Flem became a store clerk. By shrewdness, by ruthlessness, by bringing in an infestation of his relatives, Flem rose and prospered in Frenchman's Bend until he dominated it and sucked it dry. "The Hamlet" ends when he sets out for Jefferson, Yoknapatawpha's county seat, and a new world to conquer.

In "The Town" Faulkner chronicles the history of Snopesism in Jefferson from Flem's arrival there as part owner of a little side-street restaurant, around 1908, until he becomes bank president in 1927. In Jefferson, however, his progress differs from his rise in Frenchman's Bend. His cold-blooded, unprincipled ambition remains the same, but the differences between the two communities and the two times are reflected in the changes he makes in his methods. Flem soon discovers that to achieve power, he needs respectability. He had brought his numerous tribe of cousins into Jefferson as he had into Frenchman's Bend, but he ruthlessly sacrifices his kinsmen Monty and I. O. Snopes when their activities threaten his precarious respectability.

Soon after Flem's arrival his wife, Eula, becomes involved in an affair with De Spain, the mayor of Jefferson, and Flem's progress in the town is assured. De Spain, a dashing bachelor with the first real automobile in Jefferson, had been elected mayor by a generation who saw in him, and in the coming of the automobile, a symbol of freedom and change from the domination of an older order whose ways had remained unchanged since Reconstruction. "The Town" records the effects of the almost simultaneous impact of Jefferson, of Snopesism, and of the automobile. It is the death of old Bayard Sartoris in an automobile accident that makes it possible for Flem Snopes to climb to the vice presidency and ultimately the presidency of the Sartoris bank.

The events of "The Town" are narrated, a chapter at a time, by three of Faulkner's most important characters: V. K. Ratliff, Gavin Stevens, and Chick Mallison. Ratliff, the itinerant sewing machine salesman, had been the chief opponent of Snopesism in "The Hamlet"; in "The Town" he warns Stevens, who is Chick's uncle, about Flem, and later the two men teach the youthful Chick to fear what Snopesism stands for and to help them fight it. Faulkner uses the different points of view of the three narrators of this novel with brilliant effect: the formal structure of the novel is given unusual vitality and variety by the changes from the imaginative country shrewdness of Ratliff to the discursive idealism of Stevens, to the boy's innocent acceptance of events.

The term "Snopesism," often used by Ratliff and Stevens in "The Town," is not to be equated with the behavior of that entire family, which includes formidable enemies of Flem. It is, rather, the sum of the qualities exemplified by the amoral, devious, unprincipled Flem Snopes himself, dedicated only to the acquisition of money and power.

If Faulkner has made one man the symbol of these characteristics, he is careful to suggest their universal application. Snopesism, it is clear, represents a danger to society not only

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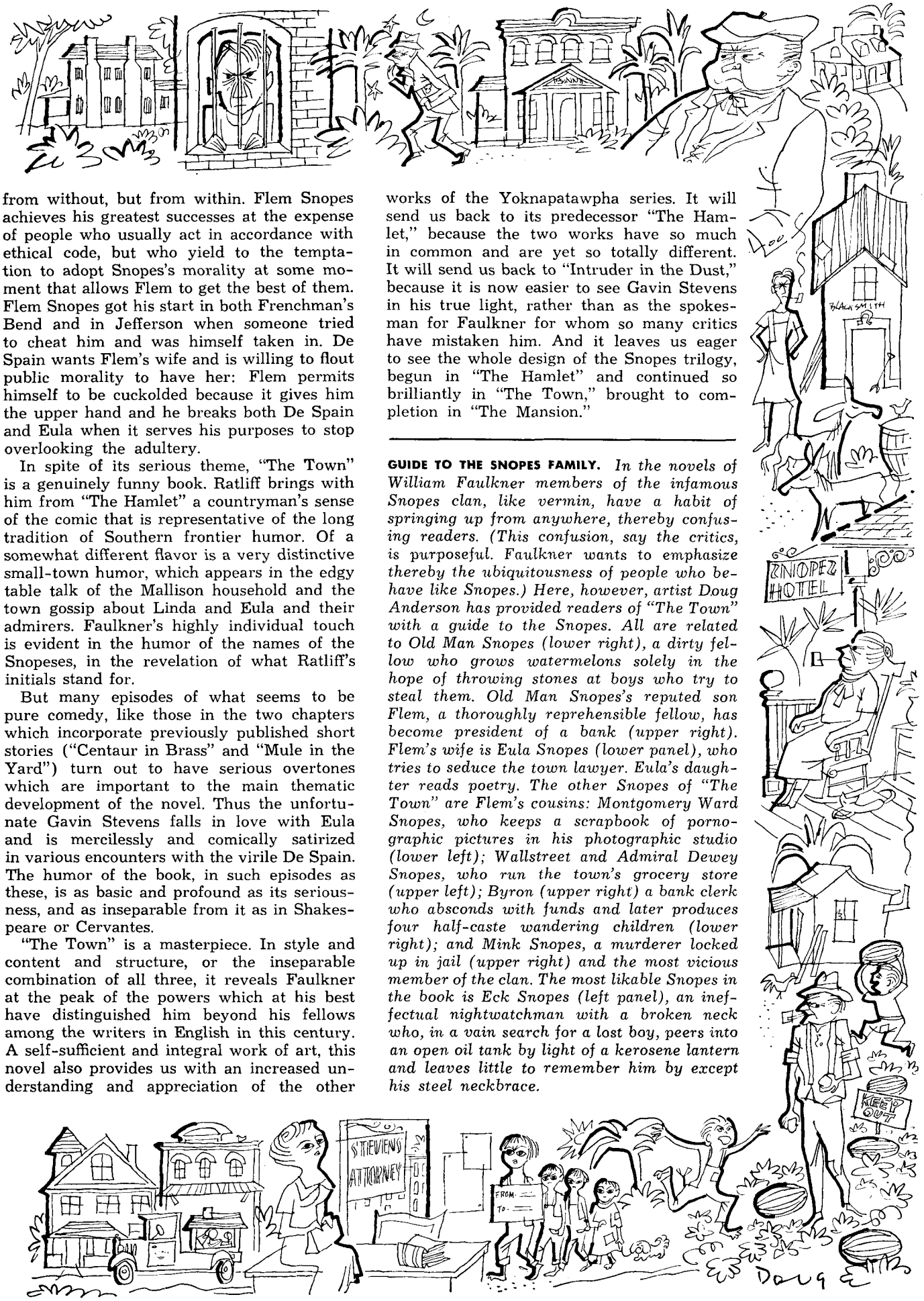

from without, but from within. Flem Snopes achieves his greatest successes at the expense of people who usually act in accordance with ethical code, but who yield to the temptation to adopt Snopes's morality at some moment that allows Flem to get the best of them. Flem Snopes got his start in both Frenchman's Bend and in Jefferson when someone tried to cheat him and was himself taken in. De Spain wants Flem's wife and is willing to flout public morality to have her: Flem permits himself to be cuckolded because it gives him the upper hand and he breaks both De Spain and Eula when it serves his purposes to stop overlooking the adultery.

In spite of its serious theme, "The Town" is a genuinely funny book. Ratliff brings with him from "The Hamlet" a countryman's sense of the comic that is representative of the long tradition of Southern frontier humor. Of a somewhat different flavor is a very distinctive small-town humor, which appears in the edgy table talk of the Mallison household and the town gossip about Linda and Eula and their admirers. Faulkner's highly individual touch is evident in the humor of the names of the Snopeses, in the revelation of what Ratliff's initials stand for.

But many episodes of what seems to be pure comedy, like those in the two chapters which incorporate previously published short stories ("Centaur in Brass" and "Mule in the Yard") turn out to have serious overtones which are important to the main thematic development of the novel. Thus the unfortunate Gavin Stevens falls in love with Eula and is mercilessly and comically satirized in various encounters with the virile De Spain. The humor of the book, in such episodes as these, is as basic and profound as its seriousness, and as inseparable from it as in Shakespeare or Cervantes.

"The Town" is a masterpiece. In style and content and structure, or the inseparable combination of all three, it reveals Faulkner at the peak of the powers which at his best have distinguished him beyond his fellows among the writers in English in this century. A self-sufficient and integral work of art, this novel also provides us with an increased understanding and appreciation of the other works of the Yoknapatawpha series. It will send us back to its predecessor "The Hamlet," because the two works have so much in common and are yet so totally different. It will send us back to "Intruder in the Dust," because it is now easier to see Gavin Stevens in his true light, rather than as the spokesman for Faulkner for whom so many critics have mistaken him. And it leaves us eager to see the whole design of the Snopes trilogy, begun in "The Hamlet" and continued so brilliantly in "The Town," brought to completion in "The Mansion."

GUIDE TO THE SNOPES FAMILY. *In the novels of William Faulkner members of the infamous Snopes clan, like vermin, have a habit of springing up from anywhere, thereby confusing readers. (This confusion, say the critics, is purposeful. Faulkner wants to emphasize thereby the ubiquitousness of people who behave like Snopes.) Here, however, artist Doug Anderson has provided readers of "The Town" with a guide to the Snopes. All are related to Old Man Snopes (lower right), a dirty fellow who grows watermelons solely in the hope of throwing stones at boys who try to steal them. Old Man Snopes's reputed son Flem, a thoroughly reprehensible fellow, has become president of a bank (upper right). Flem's wife is Eula Snopes (lower panel), who tries to seduce the town lawyer. Eula's daughter reads poetry. The other Snopes of "The Town" are Flem's cousins: Montgomery Ward Snopes, who keeps a scrapbook of pornographic pictures in his photographic studio (lower left); Wallstreet and Admiral Dewey Snopes, who run the town's grocery store (upper left); Byron (upper right) a bank clerk who absconds with funds and later produces four half-caste wandering children (lower right); and Mink Snopes, a murderer locked up in jail (upper right) and the most vicious member of the clan. The most likable Snopes in the book is Eck Snopes (left panel), an ineffectual nightwatchman with a broken neck who, in a vain search for a lost boy, peers into an open oil tank by light of a kerosene lantern and leaves little to remember him by except his steel neckbrace.*

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Yankee Hector

"The Big War," by Anton Myrer *(Appleton-Century-Crofts. 463 pp. $4.95), undertakes to give meaning to the disintegrative, inhuman, and meaningless experiences that befall a Marine outfit battling on a Pacific island.*

By Maxwell Geismar

FOR our young American writers the war experience was catastrophic; and one begins to realize that the boundaries of their life may extend only from the adventures of adolescence to the maelstrom. That is the central defect of Anton Myrer's new novel "The Big War," which in other respects is perhaps the best of all the recent tales of the Pacific.

Mr. Myrer has had it, all right. His descriptions of the Marines in action against the Japanese on the Fanerahan Beachhead—after Tarawa and Saipan—are brilliant and terrifying. This is some of the most eloquent war writing that has been done. But he is also one of the most intelligent and sensitive of these new war novelists, and a writer who is seeking the meaning of compassion. And one realizes what an effort of the will, of moral responsibility, it must take to return to the "norms" of society and civilization. What norms, and what irony!

The purpose of the novel is to give meaning to the most disintegrative, inhuman, and meaningless of all human experiences. Instead of adopting the role of the saint or of the killer, Mr. Myrer has chosen the myth of Hector and Andromache—of the warrior who knows the futility of war—as a kind of Homeric parallel to his modern story. The hero of "The Big War" is also a "Greek." But Danny Kantaylis was born in a factory town on the Housatonic; he is in love with a respectable middle-class American girl. He returns to the Pacific War not through a lofty "patriotism" (or a yearning sadism) but because there is no other way out of a dirty job.

Mr. Myrer has consciously attempted to draw the portrait of a heroic average man, though it is the American base, and not the Greek archetype, that makes Danny Kantaylis so attractive and tragic as a common soldier. Then there is the cinematic Lieutenant D'Alessandro who collapses in the first battle. There is Alan Newcombe, the Harvard esthete; and Jay O'Neill, the wild Irish boy with the derelict father. There are the slow-moving but canny farm boys in this typical Marine outfit too; and the wise guys who reach for power without mercy and without compunction.

Yet Danny is the conscience, the life spirit, of the group. What the novel affirms is not a belief in social or military institutions—far from it—but the capacity of human decency to survive the worst effects of these institutions. (The group portraits and group relationships within this company of Marines are beautifully done.) It is interesting, too, that while the writers of the First World War turned to social protest, the new generation seeks only the solace and refuge of art. One may wonder how long even the Danny Kantaylises of this world can survive the ravages of another war; and to what extent Mr. Myrer's own return to the classics is a confession of social despair. But meanwhile here is a good new novelist, and an impressive novel indeed.

Anton Myrer—"brilliant and terrifying."

Eyes on the Heights

"Far, Far the Mountain Peak," by John Masters *(Viking. 471 pp. $5), follows five men and women as they achieve in various parts of the world, and especially in India, the destinies they marked out for themselves during a May Week at Cambridge.*

By Walter Havighurst

TO HIS projected thirty-five-volume panel of fiction unfolding the three hundred years of British rule in India, John Masters now adds the seventh title, "Far, Far the Mountain Peak." Its period is the first twenty years of the twentieth century, a time of rising nationalist feeling in India and, of course, a period culminating in worldwide war. But the ferment of India and even the upheaval of war are subordinate in this novel to the rigor and drama of mountain climbing. The story ranges from England to the Alps to the Punjab to the high Himalayas, and back again, with some battle scenes in the Dolomites and on the Somme. Its most intense passages, and they are grippingly dramatic, take place on the ridges of the Matterhorn and the ice cliffs of the forbidding mountain Meru.

Peter Savage is a grandson of General Rodney Savage who figured in the Indian Mutiny of 1857. A young man without parents and without fortune, he has a driving ambition and an icy will. He first wonders about mountain climbing in the magical May Week at Cambridge, when a

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

WHAT COMES NEXT?

Here, selected by Bonnie White Baker of Fairhope, Alabama, are familiar tag lines which run on into other familiar tag lines. Just give the next few words—no worries this time about sources and authors. Continuations on page 27.

1. And now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three: . . .
2. Dearly beloved, we are gathered together . . .
3. Mine eyes have seen the glory . . .
4. We hold these truths to be self-evident . . .
5. When the frost is on the pumpkin . . .
6. The world will little note nor long remember . . .
7. 'Tis better to have loved and lost . . .
8. I pledge allegiance to the flag . . .
9. Experience keeps a dear school . . .
10. Praise God from whom all blessings flow . . .

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schoolmate climbs the pinnacles of King's College Chapel by starlight. "Why do you climb?" Peter asks, though he fully understands the will to reach the top. Very soon he knows that mountains are his challenge and his passion. With his friend Lord Wilcot and his sister and his fiancée, Peter learns climbing in Wales and Switzerland. By that time he has set his will on careers for himself and his friend in India, and the novel has begun to weave a web of all their lives.

Mr. Masters has great facility and persuasiveness; he writes with unfailing warmth, color, and authority. Yet the five-way entanglement of love and destiny puts a strain on the reader's conviction. Each relationship and its outcome are believable, but the combination of cross-loves and interwoven destinies makes an implausibly elaborate pattern. Five young people in the happy week at Cambridge have their destinies played out fifteen years later in the Somme and in the base camps on a Himalayan mountain. Here is the complication of a stage drama, but the stage is as vast as the world. It is an incredibly elastic web that can stretch so far.

This novel asks fundamental questions, about the capacity to love and the will to lead, and whether these two great gifts can be reconciled. And it is held together by the sustained dramatic metaphor of mountain climbing. Peter Savage must get to the top in friendship, in marriage, in career. A perfect foil to him is the gentle, chivalrous, high-born friend who becomes the victim of Peter's driving will and whose death, in turn, becomes the means of Peter's salvation. In the final attempt on the forbidding slopes of Meru—and here the novel overcomes all disbelief—he climbs with humility and compassion.

DEFEAT IN A CHURCH SCHOOL: Brian Moore's first novel told of a wistful, genteel spinster who was evicted from boarding house after boarding house because of her solitary tippling. "The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne" became last year's major "sleeper," widely but belatedly praised by many critics. In **"The Feast of Lupercal"** (Little, Brown, $3.75) Mr. Moore has again chosen defeat as his theme. Tragedy, however, requires much more than defeat; it could be argued that pure futility may be pathetic but cannot be tragic.

The setting is Roman Catholic Belfast, which by all accounts, including this one, is even drearier than Roman Catholic Eire. Mr. Moore, it is a relief to note, records a definite dialect but does not purvey poetic, lilting

(*Continued on page 27*)

LIVES OF CRIME

Sara Harris and John M. Murtagh—". . . low life in the raw."

The Oldest Social Problem

***"Cast the First Stone," by John M. Murtagh and Sara Harris** (McGraw-Hill. 307 pp. $4.50), is a discussion of present day prostitution in New York City by the city's chief magistrate. It is reviewed by Hickman Powell, author of "Ninety Times Guilty," an account of Thomas E. Dewey's vice investigation of the mid-Thirties.*

By Hickman Powell

JOHN M. MURTAGH, Chief Magistrate of New York City, has considered his city's method of dealing with prostitutes—entrapment by vice squad, rigmarole trial before a magistrate, and imprisonment in a deplorable House of Detention—and finds it all a tragic farce. He says that "because prostitutes do not belong in court and should not be on trial, the proceedings in Women's Court are frauds and flimflams." He says the very existence of the vice squad is "an immorality and a shame."

With his collaborator, Sara Harris, he argues in "Cast the First Stone" for the abolition of present laws and penalties against prostitution. In support of this they cite a high Catholic commission which studied the subject in London and held that "penal sanctions are not justified for the purpose of attempting to restrain sins against sexual morality committed in private by responsible adults."

"Cast the First Stone" arrives at these conclusions only after a lurid vicarious slumming expedition. It is made up of case histories and interviews, told with a glibness savoring of soap opera without its delicacy of verbiage. It is not for the squeamish. The average reader is likely to feel that his nose is rubbed unnecessarily much in some pretty degraded stuff.

The book's characters vary from the girl who got the dope habit in high school to the nymphomaniac bride and the girl first wronged by her father and then seduced by a "pop" in reform school. They include the misfit males caught patronizing the women; for, in place of the stool pigeons who figured as the "unknown man" in the vice trials of the 1920s, it seems the cops now bring in the real Johns and make them testify. They include a number of pimps, who seldom get caught because their girls won't tell. This is low life in the raw, sparing only anatomical details.

Almost every prostitute has her pimp, we are told, a concession to group conformity and an innate need to belong. It is her pride that he must be provided with a new Cadillac every year. She fares less luxuriously than he from the high revenues of her voluntary bondage, and even must share her "sweet man" in amicable co-existence with other "wives-in-law," both white and colored. Racial integration appears to have advanced rapidly in this social stratum.

The most startling thing in this book is the repeated assertion that nine out of ten pimps in New York today are Negroes. This raises skepticism. It would seem that specimens achieving official cognizance must be

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selected, in the first instance, by the deplored vice squad. They are not necessarily a complete cross-section.

Our authors attribute the present law and its jail sentences to a public desire to persecute scarlet women, to a "thirst for vengeance and instinct for hate." This seems quite contrary to experience. Twice within the past three decades public wrath has indeed been aroused as to prostitution matters, but not against the fallen women.

Mr. Murtagh and Miss Harris underestimate public understanding. But, if old law is to be changed, the public will surely want some plausible substitute. What do our authors propose? "The fundamental answers are to be found primarily," they say, "in an improved society, a society that will give greater recognition to the dependence on God and will more adequately provide for the humblest of His children."

That's as definite as they get. Until somebody comes up with a more immediate proposal, the tragic farce is likely to continue unabated, along with the oldest of social problems.

Good Ways to Treat Evildoers

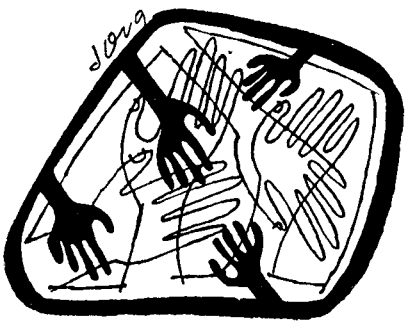
"We Call Them Criminals," by Ralph S. Banay, M.D. *(Appleton-Century-Crofts. 291 pp. $3.95), is a penologist's plea for a thorough-going reformation of the penal system. Our reviewer is Herbert A. Bloch of Brooklyn College, author of a number of studies on sociology and criminology.*

By Herbert A. Bloch

DR. RALPH S. BANAY is one of a small but increasing chorus of enlightened penologists crying out for the complete reformation of our penal system as presently constituted. Indeed, in his eloquent book "We Call Them Criminals," he goes much beyond this, stating in reasoned and measured accents the need to develop a completely new attitude towards those whom society deigns to call criminals. Since the great pioneering labors of the eighteenth-century reformer John Howard, experienced penologists have slowly and laboriously come to realize the futility of punitive incarceration and, more recently, the reasons for the vindictive attitude of the public towards the convicted felon. Aside from the normal impulse towards retaliation against the lawbreaker, much of this vindictiveness stems from the public's own profound sense of guilt and a desire to exorcise its own personal demons. This, in effect, appears to be the basic philosophy upon which the author, a prison psychiatrist of wide repute and considerable experience, builds his very impressive case.

Although there is much to commend in this book, there is a good deal which will very likely exacerbate the scientifically trained human behavior specialist and penologist. Apparently anticipating such demurrers, Dr. Banay inveighs against the superficialities of a knowledge of criminal causation based largely upon statistical and quantitative methods of research. Most enlightened researchers would tend to agree rather wholeheartedly with him. What Dr. Banay, however, and even the informed public at large fail to realize is that we've moved a long way from the tightly constricted and rigidly conceived statistical research of a few years ago in this area, as well as in the social sciences in general. Rarely today are such methods exclusively depended upon for obtaining insight into the devious complexities of human motivation and behavior. The modern human behavioral sciences—anthropology, sociology, social psychology, social psychiatry, and the new field of culture and personality—are employing a variety of new methods and outlooks, providing us thereby with considerable hope for a more enlightened and broadened perspective upon the problems of human waywardness.

Dr. Banay, more than most of his psychiatric colleagues, acknowledges the need for the integration of the psychiatric point of view with the emergent conceptual insights of the other sciences dealing with human behavior and relationships. The emphasis throughout this volume makes this quite clear. What is probably not so clear is the recognition that the integration of these several points of view involves considerably more than the teamwork of specialists working together in our clinics, our courts, and our penal institutions. The development of effective new concepts for the diagnosis, treatment, and therapy of our offenders requires a new type of integrating intelligence—what Lewis Mumford, in another context, has referred to as a new type of mentality for our age, a mentality which can encompass and draw together a number of variables into a common outlook. This perspective is still to be fashioned, although it is one of the great hopes of our age, not alone for the science of criminology, but for the entire area of human pathology and human social relations.



Dr. Banay, however, is an impassioned and eloquent speaker for his cause. Despite the technical and formidable obstacles which many human behavior specialists will undoubtedly perceive in the establishment of the new criminology he advocates, even the most doctrinaire specialists will count him among the angels and will gladly stand by his side. For, in his trenchant exposure of the many crucial social ills which lie at the basis of much of our youthful lawlessness and maladjustment, he makes translucently clear the view that society, and not necessarily the individual, is the patient.

The latter portion of the book, with its vigorous strictures against the prevailing penal system and his forthright plea for a revolutionary new penal outlook, may provoke charges that Dr. Banay is a visionary, especially from professional penologists. In his advocacy of genuine therapeutic institutional communities for those who present real hope of reclamation and "work colonies" for the recalcitrant and therapy-resistant offender, he projects a vast new terrain upon whose outskirts we have just barely entered. It should be heartening nevertheless to recognize that in this bold new prospectus he stands with a goodly company who, with George Bernard Shaw, are beginning to see prisons for what they really are. The public will eventually learn with Shaw, although the lesson will be long and hard in coming, of the essential wastefulness in this system of human retribution and degradation. "The first prison I ever saw," said Shaw, "had inscribed on it, 'Cease to Do Evil; Learn to Do Well,' but as the inscription was on the outside, the prisoners could not read it."

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Prison Keeper

***"Warden Ragen of Joliet," by Gladys A. Erickson** (Dutton. 248 pp. $3.95), is the story of how a mild-mannered man brought order to one of the world's wildest prison establishments. Frank O'Leary, our reviewer, spent many years behind prison bars.*

By Frank O'Leary

THE late Thomas Mott Osborne and Lewis E. Lawes enjoy unchallenged preeminence as the most dynamic prison wardens of this century. Clinton Duffy of San Quentin won deserved recognition. Unhappily there are a number of men in Federal and State prison service whose distinguished penological accomplishments have never received adequate national recognition. One of these, Warden Joseph E. Ragen, able and courageous chief steward for twenty-three years of the twin Illinois state prisons, Joliet-Stateville, has now been accorded his due in "Warden Ragen of Joliet," by Gladys Erickson, a Chicago newspaperwoman who practically cut her journalistic teeth on the Ragen story from its start.

In 1935 Ragen accepted the warden's post at Joliet, a forbidding old penal slum, and Stateville, an even seedier modern penal slum. Guards working for $112.50 a month "were weak, ill-trained, and shot through with low morale—unable to cope with the convicts." There were eighty-three tar-shanties in the Stateville yard, ruled by one or another of the three tough Chicago-trained mobs in unquestioned control of the prison. Guards were barred from these shanties unless they were connection-screws (bribe-takers). From these bases, the cons operated stills and sold their product at retail. Other shanties peddled stolen food, clothing, and other prison stores. Still others were mere brothels sheltering homosexual prison prostitutes. Knife-fights, muggings, and even the hijacking of provision trucks and stripping of the convoying prison guards were common features of life in the corrupt penal empire Ragen inherited. The two prisons housed 5,675 of the toughest cons in the United States. Joe Ragen vowed he would do the impossible—clean up the mess. Even the high brass of Illinois officialdom expected the prisons to blow up in his face, but Warden Ragen swept cheap politics, internal and external, out of his prisons and seized the reins firmly.

During the fierce wave of prison riots which swept across thirty-two states during the past decade, Joliet-Stateville remained calm and enjoying some measure of penal contentment. Many riot-torn states called Warden Ragen in as an expert trouble-shooter to help to resolve their problems.

The stories of Basil ("The Owl") Banghart, Tommy ("The Terrible") Touhy, and the Leopold-Loeb "compulsion killers" are worked into the book so neatly that the pace is always fast.

Warden Ragen is a stickler for security first, rehabilitation second. His prisons are "so tight they creak." The Lawes-Osborne school will deplore this sequence, but neither of these penological pioneers, when they took their posts, had more than one-fourth of the cons to handle that Ragen had from the outset. His system, based on prisoner equality and salvageability, has endured for almost a quarter-century.

HONEST COP: Robert McAllister, who tells his story with the help of Floyd Miller in **"The Kind of Guy I Am"** (McGraw-Hill, $3.95), has perhaps had the most extraordinary career of any member of the New York City police force. He became a rookie cop in 1921 and at the same time was a champion sprinter at local track meets. Soon newspapers were calling him the "Flying Cop." Next to being a cop, Bob McAllister's dream was to run in the Olympic Games, but when they rolled around the Flying Cop was in the Tombs under indictment for murder. How he got there makes a hair-raising account of vindictive politicians—among them, the author claims, Mayor James J. Walker—and their efforts to break an honest cop. For a time McAllister was reduced to using his clear Irish tenor in speakeasies, but certain outstanding lawyers thought he had been railroaded and got him back on the force. In time he rose to the rank of deputy inspector, and now with his second wife and children lives in Florida retirement. A remarkable document, a comforting reminder that there are still intelligent men who ask nothing more of life than a chance to work at enforcing the law.

—ALLEN CHURCHILL.

Pick of the Paperbacks

BEOWULF. *Translated by David Wright. Penguin.* 65¢. The heroic Anglo-Saxon epic, literary prize of the Dark Ages, in a new prose translation.

LIZZIE. *By Shirley Jackson. Signet.* 35¢. Beth, Betsy, or Elizabeth, by any other name they are still the same confused young lady enmeshed in too many personalities until a good-tempered doctor helps untangle her.

THE CAPTAIN'S DOLL. *By D. H. Lawrence. Berkley.* 35¢. Despite the disreputable jacket illustration, this volume merits attention for its seven typically Laurentian stories.

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE AND SCHOLASTICISM. *By Erwin Panofsky. Meridian.* $1.25. The philosophy of the Middle Ages as reflected in its architecture is discussed in a scholarly, readable lecture by a professor at Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study. Sixty illustrations of the architectural examples referred to are reproduced.

MIDDLE EAST CRISIS. *By Guy Wint and Peter Calvocoressi. Penguin.* 50¢. *Manchester Guardian*-lead writer Wint and the Royal Institute of International Affairs's Calvocoressi collaborate on an explanation and interpretion of the roles played by England, France, and Israel in the recent Middle East drama.

FRANCE AGAINST HERSELF. *By Herbert Luethy. Translated by Eric Mosbacher. Meridian.* $1.95. A Swiss political commentator discusses France as a nation out of joint with modern civilization.

A DICTIONARY OF POLITICS. *By Florence Elliott and Michael Summerskill. Penguin.* 95¢. A valuable guide to have at hand while reading the daily newspaper is this alphabetically arranged handbook with references and cross-references from A.F. of L. to Zionism.

ITALIAN PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE. *By Bernard Berenson. Meridian.* $1.35. A distinguished art historian presents the span of Renaissance art in Italy from Cimabue to Corregio.

THE WHEEL OF FIRE. *By G. Wilson Knight. Meridian.* $1.35. Essays interpreting Shakespeare, with special attention paid to the themes of the tragedies.

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MR. DULLES AND HIS FOREIGN POLICY

—Pierre Boulat.

When Secretary of State Dulles faced reporters at a recent press conference, he found them full of questions about a new book. The newsmen had been looking at Time *reporter John Robinson Beal's* ***"John Foster Dulles"*** *(Harper $4.50) in which the author says that he "received insight" into his subject's official actions through interviews with Mr. Dulles himself. In view of what had happened the last time Mr. Dulles had given special interviews to a Luce writer (the now-famous "brink of war" article in* Life*), many of the reporters were obviously hoping for further spectacular revelations about Mr. Dulles's intricately calculated diplomatic moves. They seized on Mr. Beal's statement that America's abrupt withdrawal last fall of the offer to finance Egypt's construction of the Aswan dam was a deliberate slap in Nasser's face, intended to show all neutralist nations that they cannot play on both sides of the Iron Curtain. Noting that Mr. Beal claims that the withdrawal was made in full knowledge that it involved grave risk of war, the reporters wanted to know how much the author was relying on Mr. Dulles's words in this interpretation. Mr. Dulles refused to answer saying, "I don't care to comment on articles written about me."*

But the question of just how official were Mr. Beal's interpretations of the Secretary's acts remained unanswered. Within a couple of days the whole "brink of war" controversy had revived around the Aswan dam incident, and around other crises, too. For Mr. Beal maintained, just as had the original Life *article, that Mr. Dulles's willingness to risk war had pulled the West out of tight spots in the Korean armistice negotiations, the Viet-Nam settlement, and in the Quemoy-Matsu island affair. Amid cries of "Brinkmanship!" on one hand and "Statesmanship!" on the other, it became evident that two images of our Secretary of State were before the public eye. In one he is a cagey lawyer, enchanted with his own cleverness, and eager to convince the public of it with the aid of a friendly press; in the other he is a dedicated Christian, turning his skill at advocacy and his masterly chess-player's brain to the task of outwitting a ruthless and clever enemy. Herewith, two evaluations of Mr. Beal's controversial book.*

"STATESMAN"

By JOHN FRANKLIN CARTER,
newspaper columnist, radio commentator, co-author of "The New Dealers," "The American Messiahs," "Our Lords and Masters," and other books.

WITH the possible exception of John Hay, no American Secretary of State since John Quincy Adams has come to office with a finer preparation than did John Foster Dulles. And no Secretary of State since John Jay, with the possible exception of William Jennings Bryan, has been more bitterly attacked and ridiculed than has Secretary Dulles.

As adumbrated in Thomas E. Dewey's foreword and spelled out in detail by John R. Beal, author of "John Foster Dulles," Mr. Dulles's achievements in office have been formidable. Among other things, they have kept us out of war and checked Soviet expansion at the expense of the Free World. The reasons for the wide hostility to his conduct of our foreign relations are only (and properly) hinted at in the text of this thoroughly informed and extremely friendly appraisal of the attempt of one extremely durable man to achieve a just and durable peace.

The best part of the book is that which recounts the years of preparation. Dulles comes of old American, though not Mayflower, pioneer stock —chiefly Scottish and English. His grandfather, John Foster, and his uncle, Robert Lansing, had been Secretaries of State and he was suckled on world affairs, with special emphasis on the Far East. As a young man, he hesitated between the career of missionary and diplomat, but decided to be a lawyer and ended by being both. He accompanied his grandfather to the Hague Conference on International Peace in 1909, representing Imperial China; he studied philosophy at the Sorbonne on a Princeton fellowship; he got his law degree in Washington and joined the great Wall Street law firm of Sullivan & Cromwell. He went to the Versailles Conference for the War Trade Board. Later he practised international and corporate law with great success.

This "biography" is but prologue to a spirited defense of the foreign policies this many-sided, much-traveled man has developed. The reasons for hostility to his conduct of our foreign relations are only indicated: journalistic antagonism to his personality; his knack for expressing bold thoughts in brutally frank terms—"agonizing reappraisal," "massive retaliation"—and his bold actions, dubbed "brinksmanship," in risking war to save peace; and the undisguised desire of one of our powerful allies that no one so well-versed in world affairs as Mr. Dulles should be allowed to serve as Secretary of State.

His diplomatic achievements, as recounted by Mr. Beal, are most impressive: successful "brinksmanship" in Korea, Indo-China and Formosa, the liberation of Austria, economic and atomic unification in Western

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Europe, German entry into NATO, American dissociation from colonialism in Southeast Asia and the Middle East, the expulsion of the Communist regime in Guatemala.

John Robinson Beal is mistaken in crediting his hero with authorship of the anti-subversive concept—"first introduced into the anti-Communist defensive strategy by Dulles at Caracas" in 1954. That concept was originated by President Truman in his Turkish-Greek aid "doctrine" of 1947, which provided for defense against "internal aggression." It is also clear that Mr. Beal is too glib in attempting to explain away the Dulles-fostered promise of "liberation" for Soviet satellites in the Republican platform of 1952. That was naked and unblushing politics, not diplomacy at all.

Mr. Beal's account of the Aswan Dam decision—"the right timing, the right geography, and the right order of magnitude for a major gambit in the cold war"—has now become front page news and needs no further comment. But it is distinctly in order to observe that in all of Dulles's alleged acts of "brinksmanship" the only war which resulted came not from the Soviet Empire, and that, as Beal points out, Dulles stopped the Suez fighting within a week. This momentous decision, to invoke the U.N. against Britain, France, and Israel, was taken because, as Mr. Beal correctly reports, "the 'colonial' attitude, making exception to the U.N. Charter's renunciation of force when dealing with weak or 'backward' nations, threatened the loss of all Asia in the cold war for men's minds."

The truth is that of all past American leaders, Foster Dulles most resembles Ulysses S. Grant. Both men were possessed of drive, stamina, determination, and a talent for massive simplification. Dulles's negotiation of the Japanese Peace Treaty is comparable in its brilliance to Grant's Vicksburg campaign. His series of "brink-of-war" decisions recall Grant's Wilderness Campaign. They called Grant a "butcher" but his strategy won the Civil War. By analogy, the Suez affair can be logically likened to Jubal Early's raid on Washington in 1864: it scared the capital but didn't affect the final outcome.

For, as Mr. Beal is at pains to point out, with John Foster Dulles the object is not to hold office, achieve popularity, or prove a point in debate, but to achieve a just and durable peace. He is far closer to Woodrow Wilson in his philosophy than to any other American statesman, but his policy is to fight it out on this line if it takes all the rest of the twentieth century.

"BRINKMANSHIP"

By CECIL BROWN, *newspaper correspondent for many years in the Mediterranean area, radio commentator, author of "Suez to Singapore."*

THE BURDEN of John Robinson Beal's 322 pages of adulation and glamorization of John Foster Dulles is to demonstrate beyond cavil that the object of this paean was and is the greatest Secretary of State of all time. His description of Dulles's formative years is informative. His narration of Dulles's conduct of foreign policy is fascinating. His conclusions are highly debatable, among them the refusal to ascribe to Dulles a solitary mistake, sensational in a human being, miraculously unique in a Secretary of State.

Item: Both Eisenhower and Dulles, in their 1952 campaigning, were either woefully misinformed about American policies and needs or were desperately determined to avoid reality. Opinion? Hardly. The Roosevelt-Truman Fair Deal New Deal of social reform, containment, challenge to aggression, brinkmanship, chaining Chiang Kai-shek, and foreign aid were taken over, gradually, lock, stock, and barrel by the Eisenhower Administration. But it took two painful years of mental tug of war for this Administration to adjust its campaign oratory to the realities and responsibilities of office.

Item: Mr. Beal reports that Secretary Dulles's first job was to restore the American public's confidence in the State Department. But, from the first day at his desk, Secretary Dulles permitted American foreign policy operations to suffer a serious, perhaps in some respects an irreparable, setback, by the quivering timidity of the State Department before the assaults of Senator McCarthy. Mr. Beal comes closest to separating decisions of Eisenhower and Dulles by saying, in effect, that the State Department cowered before McCarthy under orders of the President.

Item: Dulles carried to Cairo in 1953 a silver pistol as Mr. Eisenhower's gift to General Naguib, then the front man for soon-to-become Dictator Nasser. Without bothering about Freudian symbols of a pistol, the obvious symbolism is quite sufficient. Mr. Eisenhower or Secretary Dulles or both were determined to reverse the pro-Israel stand of the Truman Administration (more correctly, the United Nations stand for the survival of Israel). It is noteworthy that Nasser in the past four years acted as though he had been provided with additional incentives to proceed with his avowed aim of exterminating Israel.

Item: Mr. Beal presents Secretary Dulles always as wise as wise can be in the ways of Soviet Russia. At the Geneva Big Four Summit conference in July 1956, Mr. Eisenhower made a notable statement. Here again, the demarcation line between the President's words and Dulles's thoughts is foggy. The President said to Bulganin: "I believe Russia wants peace as sincerely as we do." That handed the Russians a certificate of good conduct, beyond estimate of value to Moscow. But this item does not end there. True enough, we and the Soviets reached a mutual recognition that atomic war was not to be a solution of our differences. (Moscow, however, was prepared to risk the gamble of smaller wars; from then on, we were not, thus handing the initiative of power threats to Moscow.) But from Geneva in July until Geneva in October, while we stood bemused by the spectacle of co-existence, the Russians ran for all their worth with the American certificate of good conduct. When the Big Four foreign ministers gathered in October to wrap up the smiles and conviviality of July, the Soviets had

(a) established diplomatic relations with West Germany so as to negotiate directly with Bonn instead of through Washington (Dulles called that a victory for us);

(b) launched a new so-called peace offensive to undermine the North Atlantic Treaty Organization;

(c) Russia made an arms deal with Egypt (Dulles casually said Russia had a legal right to do it).

When the foreign ministers met in October, NATO was weaker, a Russian ambassador was sitting on the Rhine, and Russian technicians were sitting on the Nile.

Item: Mr. Beal presents Dulles as ever alert to the trend of affairs. Abruptly, last July 19, Dulles cancelled the American offer to help build the Aswan dam in Egypt and tossed in gratuitous remarks suggesting that Egypt's credit was about as sound as that of an itinerant fruit picker's. Dulles, being a canny lawyer and a student of dictators might well have assumed—in a business filled with assumptions—that Nasser, as a dictator, would have to save face, attempt a dramatic counterstroke.

Well, Nasser did react. He seized the Suez Canal. Dulles was not only unprepared. He wasn't even minding the store, being instead in Peru. And since American foreign policy, in a real sense, has been carried around

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in Dulles's hip pocket, our policy remained paralyzed until Dulles returned to Washington on July 29.

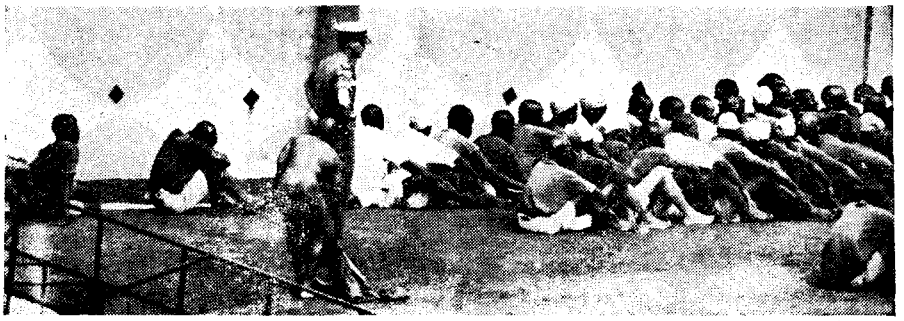
Item: When on October 29, Britain, France, and Israel invaded Egypt, the Eisenhower-Dulles move to gain United Nations condemnation of our partners was made with remarkable speed. The basic approach was that Middle East history began on October 29, thus converting Nasser into a victim of entirely unjustified aggression. Much later, after various sermons on morality, the President conceded that Israel had grave and repeated provocations.

Item: What has so offended so many Americans as well as our allies is the sanctimonious air we breathe on our words and deeds. Shortly after our government was in a schoolboy rage over the perfidy of the Anglo-French silence on their invasion intentions, Dulles showed up at a NATO meeting in Paris, read a lecture on the necessity of consultation among partners, then blandly announced we would always reserve the right to act on our own initiative when prudence suggests it without discussing our intentions with anyone.

When we were demanding sanctions against Israel on the Gaza and Gulf of Aqaba dispute over withdrawal, Mr. Eisenhower (or was it Dulles?) spoke mightily on morality, but when Dulles was asked by Senators "why wasn't the issue of sanctions raised against Russia for the Hungarian massacre," Dulles replied: "Maybe it should have been raised but it was not." Thereupon, Democratic Senator Thomas C. Hennings of Missouri broke in. "It was not raised because none of the nations, including us, had the guts to do so."

There seems to be an ominous straightness in the four-year course, from a pistol for Naguib to riding piggyback with Soviet Russia in demanding sanctions against Israel. The measure of Secretary Dulles's performance is not in carrying the State Department in his hip pocket while flying 350,000 miles. It is not in Thomas Dewey's opening words in the foreword of this biography: "This book tells the story of one man who was never deceived about the nature of the Soviet menace." Dulles's record is not in his beautiful and inspiring devotion to President Eisenhower, nor in the fact that two grandfathers served as Secretary of State, nor that he himself is a fortieth generation descendant of Charlemagne. And, regretfully, Dulles's record is not established in John Beal's campaign-type biography. For if it were, as he imagines it is, we and the Free World would be far, far better off than we are.

AFRICA



—Drum.

"One chance in four of seeing the inside of a jail each year."

Voices of the New Africa

***"Drum," by Anthony Sampson** (Houghton Mifflin. 256 pp. $3.50), is the story of the Briton who went to Johannesburg to run a magazine devoted to African tribal and urban life and culture. Calvin W. Stillman of the University of Chicago, editor of "Africa in the Modern World," reviews it.*

By Calvin W. Stillman

ABOUT A CENTURY ago a man on Mackinac Island was accidentally shot in the stomach. The wound healed with an aperture, through which his physician could watch what went on within. What he saw may not have been very pretty, but it was a great boon to medical science. Among other things, the physician could watch the effect upon body processes of changes in the patient's emotional state.

It was also accidental that a Briton named Anthony Sampson went to Johannesburg to edit a magazine for a few years. "Drum" is a report on his stewardship; is particularly interesting for the look it gives through its own special aperture into a process which is not at all pretty, and which the South African government has proclaimed in the recent Tomlinson Report must be settled on emotional rather than logical grounds.

The magazine is called *Drum*, and it looks like a cross between our own *Ebony* and *Look*. (It used to be called *African Drum*; the adjective was dropped in an effort to dissociate the magazine from any single racial group.) The original conception was of a magazine for Africans which would carry articles on tribal life and culture, traditions, and music. The editor soon discovered that his potential readers were much more interested in getting rich quick, in dealing with jailers, in jazz, and in the nuances of gang warfare—Hollywood films providing the inspirations for local practices. It is the Africa "of towns and trousers" that counts today, Mr. Sampson found; it is among urbanized Africans that the significant movements are taking shape.

Mr. Sampson is a consummate reporter of speech and incident. He tells of the rise of the passive resistance movement, and of its complete collapse in the face of harsh new laws. He reports the uproar over the forced removals of Africans from freehold lands in Sophiatown, and the peaceful emigration which followed, under the eyes of overwhelming police contingents.

THIS book ranks with Wulf Sachs's "Black Hamlet" as the best of the non-fictional presentations of what it is like to be an African in Johannesburg. It gives a peritoneal view of a digestive process. Africans come into Johannesburg by birth or immigration, and each must make his own adjustment to a society in which libraries and parks, good jobs and police protection, are reserved for whites. Each African has one chance in four of seeing the inside of a jail each year—usually for a technical pass offense—and each African has one chance in thirty of being murdered. Labor conditions, says Mr. Sampson, are probably no worse than in England a century ago; in the eyes of the law Africans have a bit more status than had Dred Scott, but not much. Being logical souls, Africans make the best of the situation as they see it, and in describing what it is that Africans see Mr. Sampson does us the greatest service. He does it with a sense of humor, and without rancor.

There is a disturbing parallel between Johannesburg and large north-

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ern cities in the United States. The American South has a parallel with Africa's native reserves as an area Negroes must leave to better themselves. Johannesburg, New York, and Chicago are all goals for migrants—each city offers greater opportunities than were found in the area of emigration—but in each instance these opportunities are severely conditioned. Mr. Sampson helps us see the human impact of these conditions. Even the best-meaning liberals have difficulty in understanding the view of the world held by a Negro of Harlem or the south side of Chicago. In Johannesburg as in America, liberals are something of a joke among non-white people; of both nationalist Afrikaners and deep-dyed southern Americans it is said, "at least you know where they stand."

This book is a help in diagnosing social pathology, but it is also a standard by which we can measure our own accomplishments in race relations. The great difference between the United States and South Africa is that our nation has accepted the principle of equal opportunity for all men, and that we are moving steadily toward that goal. Even the Citizens' Councils in our deepest South know that integration of our public schools is inevitable. No decent Southerner countenances racial violence. Things are bad both in the United States and in South Africa, and there is change in the air in both places, but in our case, the change is for the better. Based on a recent trip through the South, it is my opinion that this change is very rapid indeed.

CHANGE in South Africa is slower, I hope, because it is not going in the right direction. Here my judgment differs from that of Mr. Sampson. He tells us in this book that there is no danger of Communists taking over African political organization in South Africa. But he left Africa in 1955, and there is good evidence that since that time the African National Congress has become heavily infiltrated with members of the Communist Party. For years the governments of Malan and Strijdom have been labelling all African political activity as simple "Communism"; their wishful thinking may be self-validating. This more than anything else underlines the differences between race relations in the United States and in South Africa.

I should like to add that Mr. Sampson and his staff were very brave people—though there is no emphasis upon this in the book. There are photographs of the principal characters, and some illustrations from their magazine.

Pattern for Freedom

***"Ghana," by Kwame Nkrumah** (Nelson. 302 pp. $5), is the autobiography of the American-educated Negro who has become the first Prime Minister of Britain's first all-black dominion, the former Gold Coast.*

By John Barkham

MARCH 6, 1957 was a momentous day for Africa, one which, in years to come, may stand out as a beacon for all Africa's colonial dependencies. On that day Britain's Negro colony of the Gold Coast officially became a free and independent dominion under its own black Prime Minister, a burly, eloquent, American-educated Negro named Kwame Nkrumah.

"Ghana" is Nkrumah's autobiography, and it is entirely fitting that it should bear the name of his country, for in Africa the words "Ghana" and "Nkrumah" are virtually synonymous. It is an important and illuminating book, not least for the tribute its author pays to his ten years of American education, first at Lincoln University and later at the University of Pennsylvania. Nkrumah makes no secret of his gratitude to the United States, both for the academic instruction he received in the classrooms and for the empirical education he acquired outside them in the workings of a free, multi-racial democracy.

The book was dictated in between the chores of running a government, which explains its conversational tone and its disarming simplicity. Nkrumah speaks very frankly, even naively. It is easy to understand why the young African fresh from his tribal background was shocked, while en route to America, to hear an Englishwoman rebuke her husband casually: "Don't be silly, dear." In his native land such words by a wife would have been ground for divorce by her husband. Today the women of Ghana are also free to call their husbands "silly" if they wish. Such are the mileposts of emancipation.

Nkrumah looks back with pleasure to his years in this country. As a student he acquitted himself well, but his problem was poverty. He even became one of Father Divine's anointed because it meant getting a cheap chicken dinner and a haircut for a dime. He learned to take the boorishness of a white waiter in the South who, when he asked for a drink of water, referred him to the spittoon outside.

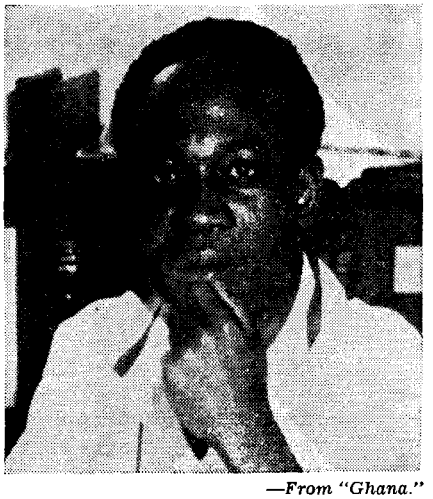
On his return to the Gold Coast Nkrumah started a nationalist movement. The significance of the success of this—described here in detail—lies in the pattern it will set for other African colonies. The new state of Ghana is proof that African Negroes are competent to run their own country, a fact which will haunt proponents of *apartheid* in the years ahead.

What emerges less explicitly from this book—due to modesty, no doubt—is the magnitude of Nkrumah's feat in uniting the colony's rival freedom movements under his leadership. In him the hour found the man. For neighboring Nigeria, now on the threshold of independence, the lesson is unmistakable: unless the disparate freedom groups fuse their energies into a single drive behind a single responsible leader their impetus will dissipate itself.

Nkrumah is too level-headed a leader not to realize that independence is a beginning, not an end. Now that the cheering has died down, the tougher task begins of constructing a modern democratic society that can serve as a model for other Negro colonies seeking independence. All Africa, and especially the land of *apartheid*, will be watching for that first fumble, that first faltering footstep.

Far from being sobered by the thought, the prospect seems to exhilarate Nkrumah. "From now on," he writes confidently, "it must be Pan-African nationalism, and the ideology of African political consciousness and African political emancipation must spread throughout the whole continent, into every nook and corner of it. Our task is not done and our own safety not assured until the last vestige of colonialism has been swept from Africa."

Throughout Africa Nkrumah's words will stir hope—and uneasiness.



—From "Ghana."

Dr. Nkrumah—". . . speaks frankly."

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The New Liberalism

THE terms "liberal" and "conservative" have undergone something of an evolution in the past 100 years, and especially in the past twenty-five. And there is every likelihood that we are now in the middle of an even greater change. For the dividing line between liberals and conservatives may be represented less by positions on economics than on world affairs. The bitter struggles over the distribution of the national wealth, over the relationships of labor to capital, over the role of the Government with respect to economic planning—all these are still lively issues, but they no longer have the sting or the showdown psychology that they had only a few years ago. Huge new questions of a non-economic nature are now becoming the main battleground. The new questions have to do with America's relationship to the rest of the world; with the existence and shape of the United Nations; with the making of a better tomorrow; and, indeed, with a creative interpretation of man's place in an evolving human community.

The new alignments not only cut across old economic and political lines but have the effect of creating significant new combinations. For example, there is no single "labor" position on economic aid to underdeveloped nations, or a single "big business" or "small business" position. A Congressional committee considering foreign aid recently listened to testimony from a wide variety of individuals and representatives of organizations. While the organizations traditionally associated with demands for reduced taxes expressed their opposition to such aid, a number of prominent businessmen supported the proposals. All in all, there was nothing approaching the solidarity of economic groupings so evident in testimony on domestic issues.

In the same sense, there is a striking new focus of attention in campus debates throughout the country. Less than a generation ago the big and stormy issues were concerned with Marxism and the class struggle. Today, there is far less animated controversy, but most of whatever debate does exist has to do with world affairs. Today's college liberal is interested in the full development of the United Nations, in concepts of world federalism, in exchange fellowships, or travel abroad. Similarly, community flare-ups over education are more likely to be over UNESCO than with textbooks dealing with dialectical materialism, now virtually a dead issue.

Thus, parents and teachers in the forefront of educational liberalism today believe that the classroom should prepare youngsters for an understanding of their place in the human community and for world citizenship. This would mean that the new frame of reference would be the culture of man rather than the culture of Western civilization alone. Adequate attention would also be given to the story of the majority; that is, to the peoples of Asia and Africa. The world's religions would be studied as an indispensable part of the education of a rounded man. Courses would be given in the architecture of peace and in fundamental approaches to the causes of war.

In the political arena, the world-minded sections of the Republican and Democratic Parties are far closer to each other in their general outlook than they are to those members of their own parties who find it difficult to look beyond domestic concerns. For several years, in fact, there have been speculations about the desirability of recasting the political parties in order to provide the voters with a clear-cut choice between two parties, each of which has its own solid coloration.

EVEN more dramatic would be the emergence of a new political party making a frank bid for support based on a declaration of interdependence among peoples. Its platform would be literally the most important in the world, for it would deal with issues and challenges of common concern to all peoples everywhere. These issues involve nothing less than the means by which human life and values can be preserved on this planet. They have to do with the common property of the world's peoples; with the atmosphere and the need to keep it uncontaminated by radioactive poisons; with the soil and the need to keep it free from fall-out; with the human germ-plasm and the need to maintain the genetic integrity of man; with the natural rights of human beings that should be kept beyond the reach of the state; and with the claims on us of the unborn generations. Such a new party would deal frankly with the need for additional allegiances and loyalties—allegiances and loyalties which would not in any way conflict with existing ones but which recognize man's place in the human family and his pride in the gift of life.

Such a party, of course, should have its counterpart wherever people are free to engage in creative political activity. If this is the new liberalism, let's make the most of it. —N. C.

Clairvoyance

By Adrien Stoutenburg

This is my time of attention
to the angels in sparrows and boxes,
and the light in animals.
I have a ghost in my hand.
Touching rock or forests
or the brass of a lion,
I have met surprises richer than
sunsets.

This hank of wood,
skeined like the leg of a deer,
misses some part of itself:
a hoof like a fingernail,
and the haunch, brown, in its holster.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CANT AND HOGWASH

DR. GENGERELLI (*SR* Mar. 23) is a source of comfort to us bewildered victims of Id and Superego. We who dwell without the shrine cringe through life, fearful that our slightest word or gesture may reveal odious characteristics recognizable to those "in the know." To our great relief, Dr. Gengerelli reveals that even the masters of the esoteric are afflicted by their phantasms, that they disagree with each other, and that much popular psychoanalytical cant is hogwash.

V. A. ROBERTSON.

San Diego, Calif.

MAN CANNOT BE CAPTURED

THE LEARNED yelps from readers about Eric Fromm's and J. A. Gengerelli's articles astonish me. I found both articles refreshing and possessed of an element too commonly lacking in the general psychiatrically-oriented body of thinking: namely, compassion.

In the course of an interview with a respected psychiatrist I once remarked on his unusual humaneness, and he replied, "There's a reason for that: I don't believe psychiatry is God." Thinking is more than psychological technique, and the spirit of man cannot be captured by behavior—else we make a frightful mistake in our political deductions and the Communists are far more practical and more honest than we are.

MICHAEL DRURY.

New York, N. Y.

REPRINT?

THE TWO ARTICLES on the limitations of psychoanalysis are excellent. I hope that they can be prepared in reprint form, as your editorial "Think of a Man" was.

PHILIP H. WELLS, M.D.

Arcadia, Calif.

THANKS

THE SIX LETTERS in protest to Dr. Gengerelli's article make it necessary for me to write, as I should have done immediately after reading it, to tell you how very much I was helped as a parent and encouraged as a layman by his viewpoint. Why is it so difficult for Dr. Gengerelli's critics to admit that psychoanalysis has its limitations? Why, when the lay public is so much influenced by the terminology of this relatively young science, can't his critics be satisfied to work toward clarifying definitions given to the various terms and to spend more time "testing hypotheses about behavior derived from the theory," to quote one critical letter?

Dr. Gengerelli's article was so quotable that I have had difficulty choosing the sentence or two which struck home most effectively. As a parent, however, I feel his remarks about the "miasma of ignorance which surrounds the topic of psychology and the resulting babel of tongues about complexes, inhibitions, repressions, etc. and consequently an atmosphere in which the child grows up in a world with a minimum of order and structure . . . a world, so to speak, without limits . . ." were in the nick of time and a reprieve for us from the "sentences" meted out by so many of the scientific books and articles for parents.

Please, if possible, let Dr. Gengerelli know that he has strengthened our determination to continue to try to raise our children in a world with order and structure in so far as we are able to do so in our home as parents.

MARY LOU PIEPENBRINK.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"A fly was on his face and I tried to swat it with my glove—and in a minute all this was arranged."

DARING ARTICLES

AT LAST the sacrosanct, the unimpeachable, the never-to-be-questioned dogma of the scientific method is rising up in righteous wrath at the boldness of Fromm and Gengerelli. How these puritans of prescription do howl for their precious system; how they will defend it at any price to the human race! Impartiality be damned, they say; we must stand by our kingdom of facts and assumptions and deny the advent of divine diversity and human warmth. I am as pleased as punch with your daring articles.

ELIZABETH B. LEE.

Delphos, Ohio.

WHAT IS IMPORTANT?

I THINK THE readers of *SR* are entitled to a better treatment of such a vital subject as psychoanalysis than is given by Dr. Gengerelli. Dr. Gengerelli says, "Today any hillbilly knows that a psychoanalyst is a kind of doctor who has you lie on a couch while he probes your mind. This is what some hillbillies (and apparently Dr. Gengerelli) think, but those who are better informed know that psychoanalysis is the process of a patient probing his own mind for a greater self-understanding with the help of a trained psychoanalyst. This distinction is of critical importance. Until we understand this we can make no further valid statements on the subject.

Quotes Dr. Gengerelli: "Emotional maturity (blessed emotional maturity)." Not only is Dr. Gengerelli out of sympathy with psychoanalysis, he believes the goal of emotional maturity is quite a joke! Marvelous. It is too bad he doesn't tell us what *is* important.

V. F. KELLY.

New Canaan, Conn.

MORE MOURNING

I WAS MUCH interested in Bennett Cerf's impressive list of periodicals that had "Bitten the dust within a generation," (*SR* Mar. 30). To it might be added the following: *Youth's Companion, Lippincott's, Success, Metropolitan, Life* (pre-Luce), *Puck, World Today, Current Literature, Independent,* and *Harper's Weekly.* There must be still others.

ELLIS O. JONES.

Washington, D. C.

SAM, NOT JOHN

I WAS SURPRISED that in your review of Catherine Drinker Bowen's "The Lion and the Throne" (*SR* Mar. 23) your reviewer referred to her as the author of a study of *John* Adams instead of *Sam* Adams.

FRANK E. TAPLIN.

Cleveland, O.

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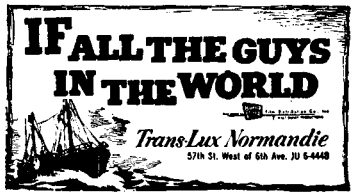

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Leningrad Postscript

TWO DAYS in Leningrad hardly qualify this writer to form definitive opinions about Russian theatre. Yet one can briefly report the experience. While there, I attended the dance spectacle "Spartacus" at Leningrad's gold, white, and pale-blue Opera house. The breathtakingly lovely old theatre, with its orchestra in white tie and tails, contrasted with an unglamorous audience, in which even a white shirt was a rarity. But the scale, vigor, and discipline of the performance surpassed Radio City at its best. The second night I went to the Pushkin Theatre, where I saw "The Optimistic Tragedy." It was, as far as I could gather, a tale of the 1917 Revolution in which a female commissar is sent to command a group of sailors. The sailors find absurd the idea of being commanded by a woman. Suddenly, and with the utmost dramatic effectiveness, a bare-chested brute of a sailor emerges from below deck and proceeds to attack her. Mademoiselle Commissar shoots him dead on the spot. This is the beginning of a long campaign in which she gradually wins the respect and loyalty of the men. Every so often along the way one of the sailors is discovered to be an anarchist instead of a true revolutionary; he is taken offstage and shot.

Without trying to evaluate the play, it must be said that the acting and production elements are extremely impressive. A built-up revolving stage combines nicely with side scenery to provide a dozen settings for the episodic work. And behind this, against a huge cyclorama, are projected realistic cloud-effects and architectural shapes. These projections made on a stage twice as deep as any on Broadway are better than similar effects I have seen tried in New York. A further advantage to the production is the use of a full background orchestra, hidden from audience view. The expense of this kind of thing would be prohibitive in America, but since top Soviet artists only make $200 a month and since the theatre is subsidized elaborate productions are the rule.

The actors are dedicated to a realistic style of performance and are very expert. A talk with the Pushkin Theatre's director revealed that he, People's Honored Actor Skorobogatov, had played more than 700 roles in his career. Such steady practice of an art cannot help but produce fine acting. Soviet theatre directors are free to produce any plays they wish, although as in any other country they can lose their job for making unwise choices. In general their repertoire consists of Russian classics, foreign classics ("Hamlet" and "King Lear" are great favorites), and modern Russian plays dealing with contemporary life. The latter may present a man who gets drunk occasionally, but dope addiction, homosexuality, etc. are out.

The Russians do some contemporary foreign plays and their rule here is to do only those plays which "truthfully represent life in other countries." If one can imagine the American theatre applying this standard to plays about modern Russia, one may understand how only plays that show forces of corruption at work have been selected. Lillian Hellman is the most played American writer, but they have done others such as O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones." Now that Russia has opened up to American tourists the Russian's picture of Americans may become more charitable. One straw in the wind is the scheduled Moscow production of "The Teahouse of the August Moon," which though it ridicules American behavior does not show us as a malicious people.

Mr. Skorobogatov is not a member of the Communist Party, but a subsequent talk with another theatre director who is revealed that Party policy and dramatic art are kept fairly separate. A Party playwright may be inspired to write a play celebrating or elucidating the effect of the latest shift in policy, but in interpretation the director and actor concerns himself only with being faithful to his art and the script. Most foreign observers feel that contemporary Soviet plays tend to be dull, but that in the realistic style their productions are superb. If one is to generalize after such a brief exposure as mine, one might conclude that, just as the Russians keep their art and their politics separate, so do they their private imagination and their realistic work. I can report one encouraging sign for those who feel that the Soviet Union is operating under a reign of terror. In the projection booth of one of the theatres I found the electrician keeping a tank of guppies beside his switchboard. An independent gesture of non-conformity if I ever saw one. Who was it who said "From little fishes . . ."?

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Blessings on Thee, Little Man

TO Paddy Chayefsky's credit, his instinctive feeling for character has not yet hardened into formula. His concern is for the individual members of the class that he knows best, not with the caricature of easily recognizable types. As a result, his plays—far more than the Runyon stories or, say, Arthur Kober's "Bella" series—depend for their effect upon the intrinsic interest of their people. Marty, Chayefsky's "ugly butcher," for example, achieved a spread and intensity of identification that probably astonished even his creator. On the other hand, the five young men of **"The Bachelor Party"** (United Artists), Chayefsky's latest teleplay-into-film, would seem to lack much of Marty's appeal simply because they are so very typical. Indeed, perhaps the basic weakness of this ambitious and complex film is the fact that there *are* five main characters, producing at once a diffuseness of structure and an inconsistency of focus.

The men—three married, one about to be married, and one a high-living bachelor—all share the same corner of a busy, impersonal office; all are slaves to the same dull, unvarying 9 to 5 routine. But the bachelor has arranged a little party for the prospective groom and, to break the monotony of their own lives, the three young husbands agree to go along. Secretly they both envy and resent the casual *amours* of their unencumbered friend. They hope, on this one wild night, to recapture the remembered joys of their own bachelordom—the drinking, the dirty stories, the exciting possibility of a little illicit sex.

So far so good. But in order to establish all of this Chayefsky frequently breaks the seamy pattern of the night—stag reels at the bachelor's apartment, drinks at a 52nd Street strip joint and a motley succession of cheap bars, uninvited guests at a Greenwich Village party—in order to provide some background for each of the celebrants. Charlie's wife is pregnant, and the young man wonders whether it is worthwhile struggling on through night-school for the next five years to better himself. Kenneth ducks out of the party early—he lived wild when he was younger and has now come to appreciate the continuity of a steady, if uninspiring, marriage. Walter has TB; he is holding his job, against his doctor's advice, in order to provide a future for his children. Arnold, the guest of honor, grows progressively more dubious about his forthcoming marriage, about his own ability to satisfy a woman who is not only older than he but a widow. "Besides," he asks plaintively, "what will I *say* to her?" Only Eddie, the bachelor, seems free of problems and responsibilities. But lonely Eddie, it develops, is the saddest of them all.

Actually, each of these men could have been the center of an entire film. Each commands the stage for at least one carefully wrought moment of self-revelation—Charlie's hesitant suggestion of an abortion to his wife, Walter's drunken realization that the promise of his youth has been ground away in the need to support his family, or Arnold's confession (set against the automaton lewdness of a striptease) that he doesn't really love the girl he is about to marry. But it is impossible, as the evening wears on, to escape the impression that these are very ordinary men with very ordinary problems. And that Chayefsky's ultimate solution—sending Arnold into the arms of the girl he doesn't love and Charlie home to the wife he does—is both too obvious and too easy to be meaningful.

For all its faults, however, "Bachelor Party" is by no means a failure. But it never wholly succeeds in engaging our sympathies. Its heroes are simply nice little guys—whereas Marty was a *person.*

* * *

The Runyonesque quality of Isobel Lennart's script for **"This Could Be the Night"** (M-G-M) is even more inescapable. Its heroine, Jean Simmons, is a pretty schoolteacher who, in order to augment her scholastic pittance, takes a job as secretary in a honky-tonk nightclub run by ex-racketeer Paul Douglas. Because she is so obviously a lady—and a Smith graduate to boot—the toughs who make the club their home immediately take her under their rough but protective wings. Indeed, the girl soon finds it difficult to be as ladylike as her protectors would prefer. Probably the most important contribution of this film is its introduction to the screen of Anthony Franciosa, lately of "Hatful of Rain." Playing an arrogant, suspicious, hot-tempered young hoodlum, he lends the proper note of hardness to what might easily have been an impossibly sticky piece. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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The Critics and the Emperor's Clothes

A KING-SIZE pumpkinful of disagreements exploded along Madison Avenue recently after the CBS-TV Rodgers and Hammerstein ninety-minute original musical, "Cinderella." NBC-TV researchers disagreed with the rival network's claim that over 100,000,000 viewers watched the program. Said the NBC researchers: "If the Trendex data used by CBS were true—then in fifteen of the cities surveyed more people must have watched 'Cinderella' than live in homes with television in those cities, even though only 65 per cent of the sets were turned on!" On another point, Kenyon and Eckhardt, the advertising agency which produced the commercials for the Rodgers and Hammerstein TV fairytale, disagreed unwittingly with CBS copywriters. The latter took full-page ads in the New York newspapers following the broadcast trumpeting that the program's audience "—the largest number ever to view an entertainment program—(was) enough, as someone pointed out, to fill a Broadway theatre seven days a week for 165 years."

The agency, in an ad in *Variety*, heartily agreed with Trendex's 100,000,000 audience figure, but differed by eighty-five years in translating the viewers into theatre terms. "If this had been presented on Broadway in the 3,000-seat City Center," boasted K&E of the R&H spectacular, "it would have taken an eighty-year run—at eight performances a week—to reach an audience of the same size." Industry thinking, as always, ran chiefly along the paths of size, mass, and number. The advertisements following up the show hardly stressed quality at all. There seemed little need for that: hadn't "Cinderella" "captured and enthralled an entire population at the same instant . . .?" The ad in *Variety* said: "Critics and public agree on this show," and then it wrote a composite review: "Television presented the best original musical in its history—a spectacular worthy of the name—a polished, thoughtfully conceived presentation—dream stuff for eye and ear—sheer delight, and the ninety minutes were all too short."

This "composite review" is half correct according to a small, private poll I have been taking. That the critics loved the show there is no doubt. The public is another matter—if you trust my poll. Of roughly fifty viewers I questioned who saw "Cinderella" only two were "enthralled"—Diana, my eight-year-old daughter, and a sweet lady in her eighties who lives alone and adores everything she sees on TV. More than a dozen adults reported to me that their children made more trips to the kitchen during the broadcast than to the king's palace.

In between the young-in-heart ages every grown-up with whom I chatted thought "Cinderella" was a wonderless bore. Many of them turned it off early in the ninety minutes; others stuck it out hoping for enchantment which never came. The respondents in my survey who happen to work in TV were especially severe, some even bitter. They just couldn't understand how the critics could have "flipped" the way they did. They complained about the irreverent and irrelevant "sophisticated modernization" of the fairytale, the familiar and repetitive score, the Stork Club fairy-godmother, the wooden Prince Charmless, the vulgar stepsisters; they even complained about Cinderella, who couldn't have had it better amidst her Saks-Fifth Avenue cinders.

One final disagreement on another ninety-minute program presented the same week as "Cinderella" on another network. The critics were patronizingly kind to Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne for their performances on "The Great Sebastians" on NBC-TV's "Producers' Showcase," and harsh to the cast as well as the adapted stage play and the TV production. I report assertively that my private poll was unanimous, even combative, in its disagreement with the critics. All my respondents were delighted with the incomparable Lunts and thoroughly enjoyed the swift-moving production. As for this polltaker, if you put the Lunts on a twenty-four-inch TV set, black-and-white or compatible color, seven nights a week, I would watch them "enthralled" for 245 years—which, oddly enough, is the sum of the two theatre runs reckoned separately for "Cinderella" by the copywriters of CBS and Kenyon & Eckhardt, as well as the exact number of stations which carried that alleged "act of magic." On that there's no disagreement.

—Rorert Lewis Shayon.

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Fiction

Continued from page 15

turns of speech. He depicts middle-class poverty without grace or mercy but with an icy, destructive sexual morality that we are coming to recognize as characteristic of all Ireland, now that increasing numbers of un-Synged writers are getting into print.

More specifically, the story centers upon a church school. All the accounts of Irish church schools I can think of describe the same bleak savagery bounded by physical cruelty, religious fanaticism, know-nothingism, and complacency; this one is no exception. Enormous quantities of Latin may be taught, but there is no taint of the humanities. The protagonist of this book is an English master, but literature has never touched him.

Mr. Moore's excellent writing, fine delineation of his principal character and one or two others, and vivid description convey his milieu sharply. As a portrait of a culture—or of an important segment of a culture—the book is a notable technical achievement.

Unfortunately for the story, however, the central character is hopelessly pre-defeated. He does not struggle; he merely flutters against his web. He has not enough to him to furnish the makings of a good catastrophe, so in the end the nearest thing there is to a climax is a conflict for power between priests in which the protagonist is passively involved.

It is a wry twist and makes the only lively scene in the book, but also it's an odd trick. The writer has done so fine a job with his bloodless layman that the reader could not care less what comes of him; and thereafter the main story sputters out like a fuse that never led to an explosive.

—Oliver La Farge.

IF GEORGE III HAD YIELDED: Every historian has at some time indulged in that most delightful and futile of diversions, historical speculation. "If Booth had missed . . . if Napoleon had escaped to America . . ." Nicholas Wyckoff's first novel **"The Braintree Mission"** (Macmillan, $3.50) is a plausible chapter of such unwritten history—unwritten, however, not rewritten. He begins with the premise that Lord North might have had the wit to persuade George III to make one significant gesture in the direction of meeting the American colonists' demand for representation as the price of taxation. So a talented and engaging negotiator, Edward Humbird, Earl of Hemynge, is sent to Boston in 1770, shortly after the Boston Massacre, to choose six prominent citizens of North America to be created earls and to sit in the House of Lords as the first North American peers. These men are to be selected from among the "patriots," not the loyalists.

In Boston Hemynge goes at once to the trial of the soldiers charged with murder for their part in the recent massacre, and in the person of their counsel, a sober but brilliant and eloquent lawyer, John Adams, he finds his first candidate for an earldom. And now begins a series of tableaux, in which the plainspoken Adams is juxtaposed now with Thomas Hutchinson, the acting Royal Governor, eager for the preferment he feels he merits, and now with Hemynge himself, the cultivated and elegant product of the London of Handel, Walpole, and Dr. Johnson, a man who can scarcely conceive that anyone might refuse an earldom.

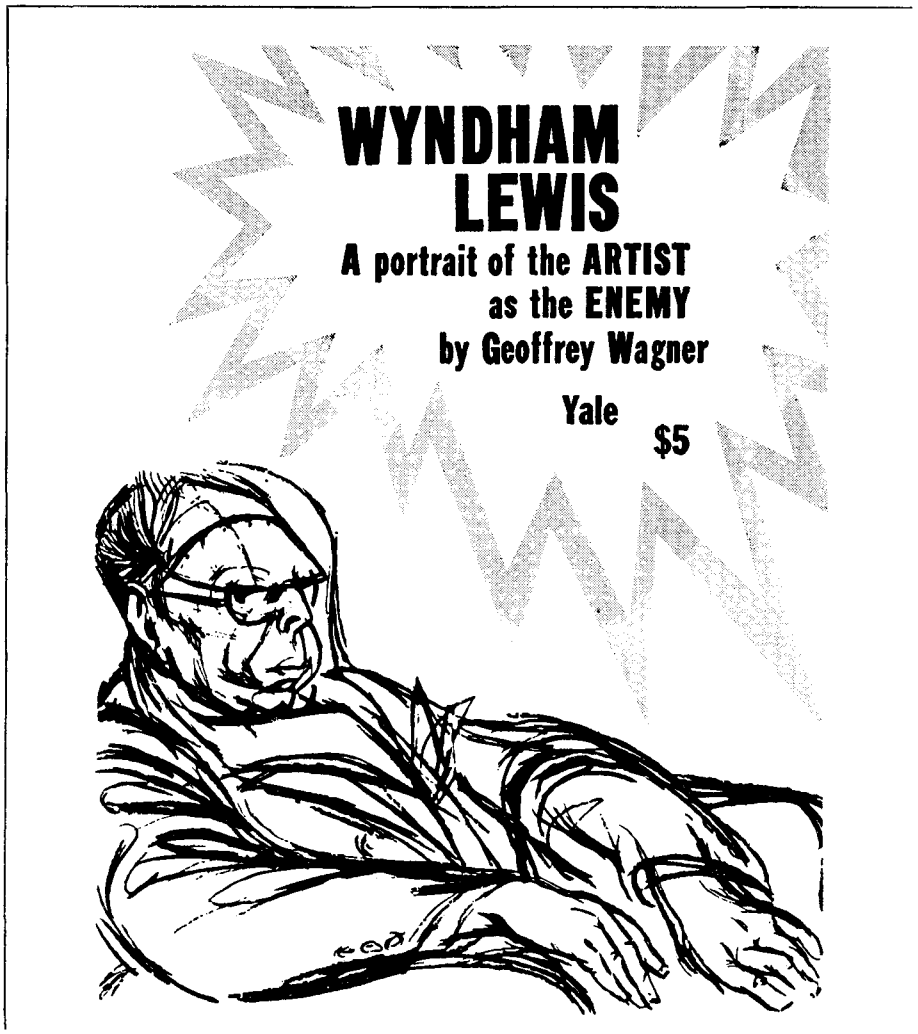
Mr. Wyckoff has admirably succeeded in evoking John and Abigail Adams—not yet the President nor the charming letter-writer, but both in germ—and in creating his principal figure, the debonair Hemynge, whose dandyism irritates John but secretly charms Abigail. The noble lord emerges as an envoy worthy of his mission, and capable of drawing for Lord Chatham, in the final scene, the true meaning of the failure of his effort.

—Milton Crane.

FLUNKED HALFBACK: The central situation of **"The Homecoming Game"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50), which was already trite in the days when Dink Stover (not to say Frank Merriwell) played for Yale, becomes a peg on which Howard Nemerov hangs a fantastically elaborate design, involving the moral and intellectual responsibility of a teacher to his students; the domination of the American university by trustees, politicians, and big-business football; anti-Semitism; and still loftier philosophical questions,

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. but the greatest of these is charity. 2. in the sight of God and these witnesses. 3. of the coming of the Lord. 4. That all men are created equal. 5. And the fodder's in the shock. 6. what we say here. 7. Than never to have loved at all. 8. of the United States of America. 9. but fools will learn in no other. 10. Praise Him, all creatures here below.



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notably the relation between principle and action, theory and practice.

The hero is Charles Osman, a professor of history at a small co-educational college, who has been so ill-advised as to fail the indispensable halfback, Raymond Blent, just before the homecoming game. The heinousness of Osman's offense is explained to him by a large number of people: the president of the Student Council and a member of the student honor committee; Blent's girl, Lily Sayre; the president of the college; and the coach. Finally Blent himself visits Osman and reveals that he has —for no reason that he can explain— accepted money to throw the game, and has consequently failed two courses in order to make himself ineligible to play. And a further series of interviews and discussions follows.

Charles Osman, having acted reponsibly in judging Blent's work inadequate, is driven by every imaginable force to retract his decision. Since he is not unsympathetic to Blent and has no wish to become a martyr, he temporizes. At once the whole fabric of the college (and, indeed, of society itself) is endangered —if one can believe Mr. Nemerov's fable. But this is precisely where the book proves most disappointing. Osman, in order to carry the fullest freight of Mr. Nemerov's meaning, must be more than the man whose innocent action has set in train a course of events; he is also the guilt-ridden widower of a suicide, he is a Jew and therefore an object of anti-Semitism, and he is the would-be lover of Lily. All this existentialism aside, there are simpler problems: why does Blent allow half a dozen people to see Osman in his behalf before seeking him out directly? Why, worst of all, did Blent commit the *acte gratuit* of accepting a bribe that he neither wanted nor needed? These are among the more obvious corners that Mr. Nemerov has cut in contriving his plot; unfortunately, they deprive his characters of the plausibility without which they cannot live.

—M. C.

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A RECOGNIZABLE SOUTH: Two years ago Doris Betts's collection of short stories "The Gentle Insurrection" won her the respectful, almost startled attention of the critics and the $2,000 award in the first Putnam-University of North Carolina contest. Now comes her second book, **"Tall Houses in Winter"** (Putnam's, $4.50), the story of a man who returns to his home town to confront the secrets of the past, hugging the memory of his lost, pitiful, incestuous love, summarizing his different levels of experience, and trying to reach decisions and make plans for the future of the wistful, likable boy, who is probably his son.

The title is appropriately taken from the poem by Anthony Cronin, reproduced on the first page. "Tall Houses in Winter" is a substantial first novel, well constructed, well sustained, evocative of a South recognizable to the majority of Southerners. The characters, too, are recognizable, everyday people, though some of them are a little too typed, a little too pat, to convince readers of "The Gentle Insurrection" that this is the best Mrs. Betts can create. It is good to know that she can sustain the weight of 383 pages without faltering and can handle complexities of plot and counterplot in a far-better-than-average book, but she is a greater artist in the short story than she proves herself to be—so far—in the novel.

-EVELYN EATON.

DOOMED MAN ON MADISON AVENUE: **"The Wall-to-Wall Trap,"** by Morton Freedgood (Simon & Schuster, $3.50), describes a now familiar syndrome: the case of the adman or flack trapped by his appetite for luxury into following a trade that wounds his sensibilities. In Mr. Freedgood's high-speed novel, the well-fed but dyspeptic victim is the publicity director (identified only as "Ted") of the Above All Pictures Corporation. Ted arrives at his office one sunny morning, and after checking the premises for the hidden microphones that are sometimes there, discovers that he is the victim of an office rumor: namely, that he is about to be fired. What happens before the canard finally becomes authentic, crystallizes all of Ted's relationships— with Larry, his boss; with Tubby, his logical successor; with Willie, his sponsor; with Roxanne, his wife.

Perhaps the keynote to Ted's character lies in a nocturnal conversation he has with his wife, in which he refers to himself as leading a life of quiet desperation. "It may be desperation," says his stolid helpmeet, "but it damn well isn't quiet." It is Ted's unhappy pattern to rant bitterly about the suffocating quality of his overstuffed habitat, to excoriate Willie, who has a generosity mania, and to wish loudly for a life with more freedom and less upholstery. But rant is all he does, and when the ax does fall he is still the half-willing captive of his lush life.

Mr. Freedgood writes knowingly of the nastier aspects of office politics, and his novel carries the reader along at a dizzy pace from the moment that his jittery hero gets wind of the rumor, until he is administered the coup de grace.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 722

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 722 will be found in the next issue.

HBARQJ NKGEBERE, GKR BG

ODEROBGBGM TAKL HBNJ,

DQR BG GKR XJEBABGM BR.

M. D. ECOP

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 721

You've no idea what a poor opinion I have of myself, and how little I deserve it.

—W. S. GILBERT.

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How Social is Science?

Continued from page 11

there were more important inventions. In the area of basic knowledge there was endless speculation about the nature of things and valuable work in mathematics, physics, biology, and astronomy. The point is that all this remained the province of the philosopher. (I should perhaps make a small exception for medicine, which by Galen's time was on the verge of becoming truly scientific—but this petered out.) On the one hand, there was a body of theory, on the other a good deal of empirical fact and useful technique. But the two were never joined, and it is precisely this wedding of analysis and experiment which constitutes science.

THERE was no natural law forbidding the event in Hellenistic times. Though the Greeks suffered from certain deficiencies, such as the lack of good optical glass, this could have been overcome. They must have noticed the magnifying effect of a sphere of glass, and a few years of work ought to have produced a decent lens. The need for such a lens could have occurred to any physician or jeweler. Even without making up these lacks, the Hellenistic world could have performed most of Galileo's and Newton's experiments, such as those involving pendulums and falling bodies.

To get very far in these lines they would have needed a mechanical clock, but such devices had already been adumbrated.

Why, then, did they fail to create a science?

Technical deficiencies must be a partial answer. Since there were no lenses to start with, Lippershey's accidental invention of the telescope was not possible. Though communications were not much worse than in the Renaissance, there was no printing press, which made it harder to establish a universal community of scholarship. But these troubles were not insuperable, and do not explain the failure to conduct methodical experiments with the apparatus available.

It was not lack of intellectual enterprise. The Greek thinkers were men of enormous curiosity and ingenuity. But this intellect was faced in another direction from that of Western society. Experiment was not respectable. The goal was pure knowledge, independent alike of the senses and of any merely practical application. No philosophy was considered to need empirical proof. Even Hero and Archimedes were rather apologetic about their own material accomplishments, and they never attracted many disciples.

These are purely social phenomena, perhaps due to large slave populations. Manual labor, even the most skilled, was not fit for the Hellenistic intellectual, only for slaves and artisans. The plentiful supply of cheap labor not only made such work socially degrading, but left small inducement to create new machines; in our world engineering problems have started off much pure research, for example in thermodynamics. (A similar attitude prevailed in the heyday of Spain, and it is interesting to note how few Spaniards have made contributions to science, despite their talents in other endeavors.)

When Classical civilization collapsed the so-called Dark Ages set in. To some degree, this is a misnomer. Though politically chaotic, the period was one of great technological advance. Not only were Hellenistic machines like the water wheel put to extensive use, but major innovations such as the horse collar, the horseshoe, the moldboard plow, and the deep-water ship were made—all this in the "Dark Ages" proper, say prior to the Hildebrandine Papacy. Thus, a preoccupation with mechanics has characterized Western society from its very birth, an attitude which other cultures, such as the Byzantine, found rather repugnant. Technological improvement continued at an accelerating pace through the high Middle Ages, roughly 1050-1450, and at this time the intellectual foundations of the present world were being laid. Obviously, no one could build a Gothic cathedral by merely piling up stones; considerable precise thought was required of the architects.

By the Renaissance gunpowder, clocks, the magnetic compass, and clear glass had become everyday; so too, and far more importantly, had the habit of wondering what the world was actually like, rather than what it ought to be like. Galileo did not spring from nowhere: some of his father's writings, remarking on the foolishness of those who blindly accept authority, are extant, and reflect a general climate of opinion. Not only had the working engineer reached a level which would have astonished his Roman ancestors, but the philosopher was considering that same world in which the engineer operated. And engineer and philosopher respected each other!

But the cause of the development is obscure. Very likely the fact that, in the Western world, trade and handicraft have generally been socially acceptable was important. The capitalist—and the Middle Ages had capitalists on a grand scale—will naturally be interested in useful discoveries, and support the men who can make them. This attitude will, in turn, influence the clergy, the aristocracy, and the military, if these are dependent on the mercantile class as they normally have been in Europe. For instance, a systematic interest in astronomy might well have derived from the navigators of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, to whom exact knowledge of the heavens was important. A more recent example would be Rumford's spadework on the conservation of energy, based on a study of the industrial process of boring cannon. Generally speaking, the expansion of industry has offered to both pure and applied science a continuous necessary stimulus in the form of challenging new problems.

TO summarize, the scientific method appears to have been born in the later European Renaissance after a gestation extending well back into the Middle Ages. Its ancestry is obscure, but may to a large degree be the triad: accumulated technology, Christian respect for order and theory, and a vigorous practical-minded capitalism. Whether this be right or wrong, it seems clear that science was not a matter of inevitable progress, but of the accidentally right combination of social circumstances.

The result of this inquiry is not only useful for scholars. True, the origin of science, if this could be established precisely, would be an interesting bit of scientific knowledge in itself; and it is a grave mistake, ultimately fatal to all intellect, to insist that everything must have worldly applications. I have repeated often enough that practical knowledge of the how-to-do-it variety is not science: the Chinese made fine paper, the Arabs were excellent metallurgists, the Polynesians were tremendous navigators, and none of them were scientists. At the same time, though, we have many other examples, with the Greeks the most obvious one, to show us how quickly a body of exact thought degenerates into sterile metaphysics when it is divorced from the real world.

Perhaps it can be proven, as I have only been able to suggest, that the scientific enterprise is a social enterprise: that the discoveries we make—even the kind of discoveries, or whether we are to make any discoveries at all—depend on the society in which we live. If so, we might well take a little thought before changing the conditions of that society too much. It is all too possible that we may improve and organize our science out of existence.

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(Continued on page 32)

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(Continued from page 31)

TRAVEL

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For Summer Rental

SOUTHERN VERMONT hill farmhouse, comfortably modernized, completely equipped, 4 bedrooms, living room, dining room, kitchen, bath, attic, dormitory playroom. Swimming near. Accessible seclusion. Monthly $200, season $500. Box 21, East Jamaica, Vermont.

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SAG HARBOR. August $300, September $150. Artist's home, seven rooms. ¼ mile from Bay. ORegon 4-5765 (NYC).

LARGE, COOL, FURNISHED APARTMENT Brooklyn Heights. Harbor view, half hour to Times Square. June-September, $250 monthly. Box B-366.

BEAUTY, COOLNESS, SECLUSION. Fully equipped housekeeping cottages for four or eight. Rogers Rock Club, Ticonderoga, N. Y. Two available. Rental season, half season. Mile and half shoreline, Lake George. Swimming, boating, tennis, mountain trails. Golf nearby. Children welcome. ALgonquin 4-5476 (NYC). Box B-369.

HITHER HILLS, MONTAUK: Modern studio cottage, quiet, private. Kitchenette, bath, screened porch, heated. Beautiful spot overlooking ocean, Point. ¼ mile from beach. 2 or 3. Month, season. Reasonable. Box B-88.

MILFORD, PENNSYLVANIA. Six-room house, furnished, modern conveniences. Fireplace, shady grounds. Rent summer season, $800. Box B-315.

CAPE COD: charming two bedroom home, magnificent hilltop seaview. $250 month. Volkers, Sagamore Beach, Mass.

CABIN IN CONNECTICUT, 2 bedrooms, all conveniences, fully furnished, fireplace, near Lake Waramaug in the Berkshires. 85 miles from New York City. Rental $300 June and July, $250 July only. References. Write Box B-379.

SOUTHEASTERN VERMONT—Early American six room house—near covered bridge, swimming, fishing. $395 long season—or monthly. Box B-348.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

ENCHANTING HUDSON RIVERFRONT. Spectacular views, boatlanding, beach, privacy—only 18 miles NYC. Beautifully furnished, landscaped gardens, terraces, patios. Maid, gardener. May-August. Available discriminating couple—$1,800. Box B-370.

DELIGHTFULLY RESTORED COLONIAL HOME on secluded acreage, 4 bedrooms, 2½ baths plus a maid's room and bath. June 15-September 15. References required. E. W. Davis, East Lyme, Connecticut.

WRITER'S LODGE, sleeps nine, deep woods, high in Green Mountains. All conveniences, fireplace, telephone, private road. Tranquil trails and streams to wander. Details Forest Farms, Jamaica, Vermont. Phone South Londonderry VA 4-5828.

For Sale

DANBURY, CONNECTICUT: Exciting is the word for this new custom-built, multi-level home. Spacious studio living room with handsome fireplace, red mahogany panelling. Center hall. Dining room, built-in cabinets. All-electric kitchen with built-in GE oven, range, etc. Two gracious master bedrooms, large tiled bathroom, plus powder room. Oil heating with cold air return. Basement. Garage. Almost 2 acres—located in East Lake Estates, over 1,000 ft. high, overlooking beautiful lake and rolling country. Here's quiet, rural beauty yet extremely accessible (4 miles to Danbury)—truly the home for a lifetime. Very low tax. Reduced to $29,900. Very liberal financing. Write or phone: A. W. Lewin, 277 Park Ave., NYC. (MUrray Hill 8-6200 weekdays, or PLaza 3-5849 evenings and weekends) or any Danbury realtor.

TIRED? Here is your invitation to invest in gracious living. If you are retiring or seek a haven of privacy and seclusion then investigate this country home just 12 miles south of Rochester, N.Y. This practically new 8 room house blends with evergreen setting and overlooks a babbling brook. Every facility for comfortable living including swimming pool, 9 hole golf course, private stocked lake. 75 wild acres. Vacant. Inspection will intrigue you. Call, wire or write Morgan Housel, Realtor, Greenfield 3-1327, Rochester, N.Y.

WRITERS, ARTISTS, ESCAPISTS. Only $15,000 plus existing mortgage buys remarkable, much-published contemporary house built in 1946 for $55,000; overhangs waterfall, overlooks half-mile pond; 6 rooms, 2 baths, radiant-heat, marble floors, huge windows. 10 charming acres; fashionable, artistic Vermont community. Box B-165.

BEAUTIFUL 115 Acre setting in New Hampshire Hills; completely modernized, year-round Cape Cod, 8 rooms, excellent condition. Interesting possibilities in managed forest lands. Asking $24,000. Fosdick, R.F.D. 1, Claremont, N. H.

PELHAM, N Y. ENGLISH HOUSE. Studio living room. Balcony. Fireplace. Two bedrooms. Lovely enclosed garden. Integrated neighborhood. Ideal small family, writer. Asking $17,500. Box B-330.

BREWSTER. 50 miles NYC. 1½ miles railroad. For the unusual taste, beautifully furnished year round house. 2 bedrooms, large living room, fireplace, bath, dinette, modern kitchen. Also 1 room cottage —artesian well, private lake, acreage. RENT OR SALE. Call after 2 p.m. RAvenswood 8-2028 (NY).

VERMONT. Early schoolhouse, dirt road, country. 5 acres, 3 bedrooms, facilities. $5,400. Box B-371.

For Rent

GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT. Small house suitable self-doer. Details. Box B-395.

APARTMENTS TO SUBLET

STUDIO, FUNCTIONAL, EXTRAORDINARY. For rent June, July, August. $100. monthly. Ann Chandler, 127 North Madison, Pasadena, California.

EAST 62nd (NYC), clean, quiet, 1½, overlooking gardens. Steinway. $130 month. June 15—September 9. Templeton 8-8740. Box B-403.

LONDON—Two room apartment for lady, March to October. Central. Address Miss Deacon, 49 Hallan St., London, England.

APARTMENT FOR RENT

ROME, ITALY. FURNISHED APARTMENT, four rooms, centrally located, available immediately. All modern conveniences, $115. Box B-358.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1205

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Nodule of chalcedony containing water.	179 189 12 83 28 7 156 146
B. Specifying the ancient Greek knife designed for more than one purpose.	23 181 139 69 85 164 121
C. Name of thirteen popes and one anti-pope.	160 27 110 131 190 47 143 113
D. According to Sam Goldwyn, im-possible (2 wds.).	135 76 102 55 109 196 100 14
E. What the balancing consideration rests on (2 wds.).	199 64 151 82 149 5 106 48 89
F. Describing armor composed of lozenge-shaped pieces.	107 173 198 51 123 185 63
G. Where one looks for some voluntary contributions (3 wds.).	22 169 187 65 144 73 115 40
H. Popular name for one of best-known choral pieces from Italian opera (2 wds.).	11 155 92 152 61 94 105 86 68 116 54
I. Held by leather thong or long cord.	136 78 96 21 90 168 175
J. Familiar for the high region from SW Missouri, through NW Arkansas, into E Oklahoma.	161 167 137 134 98 84
K. "Desert," NE Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, E of the Nile.	183 19 36 197 177 186
L. Acquire certain bony appendages of the mature animal.	80 74 188 165 77 62
M. Rouge or crocus (2 wds.).	95 182 108 141 3 125 17 25
N. Intricate.	128 79 132 194 174 158 31 140
O. Peculiarly rhyming (of final vowels only).	50 75 170 13 117 91 200 4
P. Decrease.	60 26 37 142 8 120
Q. Bid.	166 104 178 67 127 99
R. Legal word for omission to do what ought to have been done.	71 52 112 147 93 42 145 20 34 97 66
S. Sticking; clinging.	29 192 176 133 53 38 159 193
T. Now discarded "theory" that language started with imitations of natural sounds.	180 44 103 138 148 171
U. Arch, lintel, etc. across corner of a room, to support a higher weight.	184 18 2 118 162 43 154
V. Free scope for action.	24 88 1 122 150 114 57 172 46
W. Has no compulsion to (contraction).	130 6 191 101 39 49
X. Spotted sandpipers.	15 41 126 70 58 32
Y. Producing no ill effect.	111 157 30 129 153 87 16 59 10
Z. Exhibiting two colors (as chemicals which turn litmus from blue to red, red to blue).	35 45 195 81 33 72 56 124 119 9 163

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 V	2 U	3 M	■	4 O	5 E	6 W	7 A	8 P	■	9 Z	10 Y	■	11 H	■	12 A	13 O
14 D	15 X	■	16 Y	17 M	■	18 U	19 K	20 R	21 I	22 G	—	23 B	24 V	25 M	26 P	27 C
28 A	29 S	30 Y	31 N	32 X	■	33 Z	34 R	■	35 Z	36 K	37 P	38 S	39 W	40 G	41 X	42 R
■	43 U	44 T	45 Z	46 V	47 C	48 E	49 W	50 O	51 F	52 R	53 S	54 H	■	55 D	56 Z	57 V
■	58 X	59 Y	60 P	61 H	62 L	63 F	■	64 E	65 G	66 R	67 Q	68 H	■	69 B	70 X	71 R
72 Z	73 G	74 L	75 O	■	76 D	77 L	78 I	79 N	■	80 L	81 Z	82 E	83 A	■	84 J	85 B
86 H	87 Y	88 V	89 E	■	90 I	91 O	92 H	93 R	■	94 H	95 M	96 I	97 R	98 J	99 Q	100 D
■	101 W	102 D	103 T	104 Q	■	105 H	106 E	107 F	108 M	■	109 D	110 C	■	111 Y	112 R	113 C
114 V	115 G	—	116 H	117 O	118 U	119 Z	120 P	■	121 B	122 V	123 F	124 Z	125 M	126 X	127 Q	128 N
129 Y	130 W	■	131 C	132 N	133 S	134 J	135 D	■	136 I	137 J	138 T	139 B	140 N	141 M	142 P	143 C
144 G	145 R	146 A	■	147 R	148 T	149 E	■	150 V	151 E	152 H	153 Y	154 U	■	155 H	156 A	157 Y
158 N	159 S	160 C	161 J	162 U	■	163 Z	164 B	165 L	166 Q	167 J	168 I	169 G	170 O	■	171 T	172 V
173 F	174 N	175 I	■	176 S	177 K	178 Q	179 A	■	180 T	181 B	182 M	183 K	■	184 U	185 F	186 K
187 G	188 L	189 A	190 C	191 W	192 S	■	193 S	194 N	■	195 Z	196 D	197 K	198 F	199 E	200 O	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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Taurus

Menotti: Madrigal Opera for May

Menotti's new enchanting madrigal opera. Thomas Schippers, conductor. Recorded in cooperation with New York City Ballet . . . The swift and leaping Unicorn symbolizes the Poet's youth; the fearless and wild Gorgon, his manhood; the shy and lonely Manticore, his old age . . . *(Theatre Arts*, Emily Coleman) : **"The most endearing creatures . . . could quite possibly replace the Teddy Bear."**

Angel Album 35437/L

(Factory-Sealed Package with illustrated libretto)

"Sprightly, gay . . . sweet, sad beauty . . . singular and engaging combination of ancient contrapuntal harmonies and tart, modern dramatic values." *Time Magazine*

"Altogether captivating. Wildly appealing." *New York Herald Tribune*

Ballet Music and Waltzes

Delightful performances by the Orchestra of the Paris Opera where both ballets had their premieres in the 1870's. *Conductor:* André Cluytens . . . Factory-sealed Package has Degas' *Danseuse sur la scène* (from the Louvre) on cover; ballet scenes on back. **Angel 35416**

The Skaters • Mon Rêve • Estudiantina
Grenadiers • Pomone • Espana

6 gay waltz-favorites by "the French Johann Strauss" . . . Waldteufel was Court Pianist to Empress Eugénie who is shown with her lovely ladies-in-waiting, in Winterhalter's famous painting, on the brightly colored cover of Angel's Factory-Sealed Package . . . Philharmonia Promenade Orchestra. *Conductor:* Henry Krips. **Angel 35426**

Note: Charmingly old-fashioned, these two attractive albums are perfect for MOTHER'S DAY (MAY 12).

Sibelius • Respighi • Grieg

SIBELIUS: The Oceanides
Symphony No. 7 • Pelleas and Melisande

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra . . . A lifelong champion of the music of Sibelius, Sir Thomas was awarded The Order of The White Rose of Finland. **From "your old admirer Jean Sibelius" he recently received a wire of "best congratulations" on "the new recordings which sound wonderful to me."** **Angel 35458**

Philharmonia Orchestra
Conductor: Walter Susskind **Angel 35425**

Lipatti: A Legend Lives

Bach — Mozart — Schubert — Chopin

When Lipatti died Dec. 2, 1950, at 33, the world lost one of the great pianists of all time. On Sept. 16th, at the Besançon Festival, he played his heart-breaking, magnificent farewell concert . . . Recorded then, its release has now been obtained.

Angel Album 3556 B

Bach Partita No. 1, Mozart Sonata No. 8,
two Schubert Impromptus (35438) • 13 Chopin Waltzes (35439)

Gala Factory-Sealed two-record album with handsome illustrated brochure. Single records in Standard Package only.

Ravi Shankar plays Rāgas

Three Classical Rāgas played by
RAVI SHANKAR on the *Sitar*
accompanied by Chatur Lal, *Tabla (drums)*
and Pradyot Sen, *Tamboura*

The extraordinary Indian virtuoso, Ravi Shankar, in a fascinating, exciting recording. **Angel 35468**

Reminder: Music of India, Album 1 Angel 35283
Morning and Evening Rāgas played by Ali Akbar Khan, *sarod;* Chatur Lal, *tabla;* Shirish Gor, *tamboura.* Spoken introduction by Yehudi Menuhin. "Music endlessly fascinating from a technical point of view, curiously hypnotic in its emotional effect," *Winthrop Sargeant, The New Yorker*

"Successfully demonstrates that ragtime and rāga have a great deal in common . . . They're real, real cool . . . kind of Indian jam session of rāgas." *San Francisco Chronicle*

Chorus from Holland

4 centuries and 6 countries of Europe are represented in this fine recording. Chorus of 120 men; Henri Heijdendael, director.

Angel 35406

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SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION
APRIL 27, 1957

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NEW LIGHT ON BEETHOVEN'S "BELOVEDS"

By PAUL NETTL

JUST a month more than 130 years ago (March 26, 1827) Ludwig van Beethoven died in Vienna. On the next day his brother Johann appeared, less interested in protecting precious manuscripts or valuable sketches than in seven shares of Austrian National Bank, Beethoven's most sizable monetary possession. After a long search, not without irritation, the shares were found in a secret compartment of an old wardrobe, and with them two documents long since famous: the "Heiligenstadt Testament" in which Beethoven, nearing thirty-five, poured out his heart against the ailments that beset him, and the three letters to the "Immortal Beloved." With them was a portrait of Countess Therese Brunswick.

One hundred and thirty years later the mystery of the "Immortal Beloved" is still very much alive. Who was she? Where? Even—when was she?—remain uncertain. The letters bear dates of months and days: Monday July 6, and the following Tuesday. But names are absent, also a date fixing the year, or pointing to the One to whom Beethoven wrote: "Today—yesterday—what tearful longing for you—you—my life—my everything. Farewell. Oh, love me forever—never ignore the most faithful heart of your lover. Eternally yours, eternally mine, eternally ours L (udwig)."

The first to attempt an answer was Anton Schindler, attendant and first biographer of the great man (1840), who assigned the letters to 1803 and named Countess Giulietta Guicciardi (1784-1856) as the recipient. Her husband was a Count Gallenberg, an amateur of ballet music. A. C. Kalischer, a Beethoven scholar of note, accepted this thesis though the year does not contain a July 6 on Monday. Beethoven's American biographer Thayer inclined to Countess Therese Brunswick, whose portrait was preserved by Beethoven with the letters. She was a member of the noble circle which sponsored Beethoven; indeed, a cousin of Giulietta Guicciardi. Another biographer Thomas San Galli moved the year up to 1812, and assigned the place of honor to Amalie Sebald (1787-1846), a fine singer who was much admired by Beethoven. However, other letters known to have been addressed to her are much different in tone.

Therese Brunswick's younger sister Josephine (1779-1821) has also been suggested, since both were among his "pupils" at one time or another, and there are reminiscences suggesting that Beethoven's interest in them was not wholly academic. "He came regularly," Therese noted in a journal she kept "and often instead of staying for one hour he would remain from noon until 4 or 5 o'clock and he never tired of holding my hands down and curving my fingers which I had been previously trained to stretch out and hold flat."

Josephine was married—much against her will—at the age of twenty (1799) to Count Joseph Deym, her senior by thirty years. She bore him three children before he died in 1804.

Countess Giuletta Guicciardi.

Countess Therese Brunswick.

—*From "Beethoven" (Tudor).*

Amalie Sebald.

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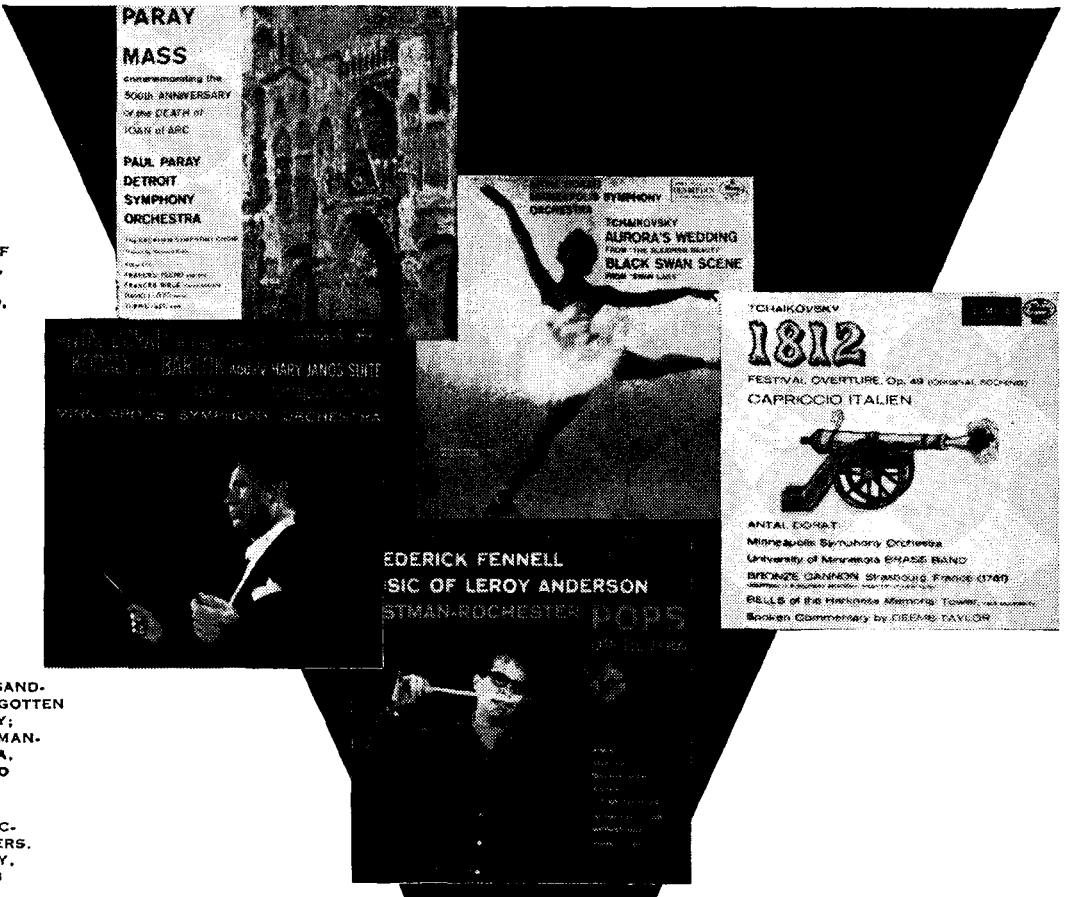

1 KODÁLY HÁRY JÁNOS SUITE; BARTÓK HUNGARIAN SKETCHES AND ROUMANIAN DANCES. MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY, DORATI CONDUCTING. MG50132

2 PARAY MASS FOR THE 500TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF JOAN OF ARC. FRANCES YEEND, SOPRANO; FRANCES BIBLE, MEZZO-SOPRANO; DAVID LLOYD, TENOR; YI-KWEI-SZE, BASS. DETROIT SYMPHONY AND RACKHAM SYMPHONY CHOIR, PARAY CONDUCTING. MG50128

3 TCHAIKOVSKY AURORA'S WEDDING FROM "SLEEPING BEAUTY"; BLACK SWAN SCENE FROM "SWAN LAKE." MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY, DORATI CONDUCTING. MG50118

4 TCHAIKOVSKY 1812 FESTIVAL OVERTURE (ORIGINAL SCORING WITH CANNON AND BELLS); CAPRICCIO ITALIEN. MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY, DORATI CONDUCTING. MG50054

5 MUSIC OF LEROY ANDERSON. SANDPAPER BALLET; SERENATA; FORGOTTEN DREAMS; TRUMPETER'S LULLABY; IRISH SUITE AND OTHERS. EASTMAN-ROCHESTER "POPS" ORCHESTRA, FENNELL CONDUCTING. MG50130

6 CARPENTER ADVENTURES IN A PERAMBULATOR; PHILLIPS SELECTIONS FROM McGUFFEY'S READERS. EASTMAN-ROCHESTER SYMPHONY, HANSON CONDUCTING. MG50136

HOWARD HANSON AND LIVING PRESENCE

PHOTO: BASCOME

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In 1810 she married Baron Christoph von Stackelberg. It was not a happy marriage and, at the end of 1811, the union was dissolved. The unhappy Josephine had six children in all, which she entrusted to Therese's care, who lived on for many years. Indeed, when Schindler's biography appeared with the "Immortal Beloved" letters, Therese noted: "Three letters to Giulietta . . . they certainly could have been written to Josephine whom he loved so passionately." In other comments, written during and after Beethoven's lifetime (not published until much later, of course), she speculated on the possible results had Beethoven and Josephine become man and wife.

Some of these comments stimulated Sigmund Kaznelson to champion (1954) in his "Beethoven's Remote and Immortal Beloved" (not yet translated into English), the contention that the only one who could seriously be considered the "Immortal Beloved" is Josephine. His belief of irrefutable proof relates to a trip the Stackelbergs took in the summer of 1811. It was one of numerous trips of the baron, who finally lost all his property and brought about the ruin of his marriage. "The domestic peace was finally and irreparably destroyed" in the autumn of 1811, according to Therese. At the end of May 1812 the marriage was annulled and Josephine could consider herself free. Late in June she tried to reach Beethoven, who had left for Teplitz by way of Prague. In Kaznelson's view she followed him to Prague where they met on July 3. The letter dated July 6 thus would have been written from Teplitz. So sure is Kaznelson of his theory that he ascribes to Beethoven parentage of a child born to Josephine on April 9, 1813. (Could a man with such a devotion to his nephew have kept secret a child of his own?)

From the start of investigations about the "Immortal Beloved", the identity of an Esterhazy mentioned in the first letter has been of crucial importance. Frimmel, in his Beethoven manual, has rightly asserted that should the itinerary of this Esterhazy ever be discovered, his presence in Teplitz on July 6, 1812 would add much to determining the date and place of Beethoven's letter. In this, it seems to me, Kaznelson has been successful; a letter has been found from Count Paul Esterhazy, the chamberlain and ambassador to the Saxon Court, to Count Metternich *dated July 6, 1812* from Teplitz. From this, the date of Beethoven's letter can be unequivocally established, the circle around Josephine Brunswick as the "Immortal Beloved" definitely closed. And yet, all the ingenious arguments of Kaznelson are only circumstantial. How does Josephine conform to the image of the "Immortal Beloved" in the letters?

For that matter, were the letters ever addressed and delivered, later to be returned? It may indeed be well doubted. Reading the letters more carefully, the thought presents itself that they might together be rather a confession in the spirit of the "Heiligenstadt Testament." It seems as if the expression is a renunciation as well as an avowal of love: "Can our love exist other than through self-sacrifice, through renunciation . . . Can you change the fact that you are not entirely mine nor I entirely yours? . . . Love demands everything and rightly so; it is so in our case—only you forget so easily that I must live for your and for my sake." In another passage, "I have decided to wander about in the distance so long until I would be able to fly into your arms as to my home, my soul, and with you by my side to depart for the realm of the spirits. Yes, unfortunately, it must be so. You will take hold of yourself all the more easily since you know my faithfulness to you; never can anyone else possess my heart, never, never." Reading these words, one is struck by the exaggerated "Werther-Style," common also to the "Heilingenstadt Testament." Consent and renunciation, the most ardent love mixed with romantic emotions, take turns with doubts and the conviction that a union is impossible. For Beethoven the matrimonial tie could not be considered, as he was already consecrated, body and soul, to his creative genius.

THE closing of the circle around Josephine Brunswick as the "Immortal Beloved" eliminates Amalie Sebald, Giulietta Guicciardi, and Josephine's sister Therese. But it does not banish from his life these women and numerous others with whom he had attachments, friendships, or even more serious relationships. Among them was Therese Malsatti, a sister in law of Beethoven's friend Ignaz von Gleichenstein and related to the composer's physician Johann Malsatti. Therese had a graceful appearance and a southern temperament. He took a great liking to her. It seems that in 1810 he had an intention of marrying because, just at this time, he tried to bring together such personal documents as his baptismal certificate. His friend Wegeler wrote in this connection: "It seems indeed that at some time in his life Beethoven considered getting married, as he often had love affairs . . ." Therese later married Baron von Drosdick. An exchange of letters with Gleichenstein in the spring of 1810 suggests Beethoven's deep emotional distress at the time. The composer reproaches him, as if he had been told some menacing truth: "You are on a calm and peaceful sea or perhaps even safely in harbor. The misery of your friend, who is in the midst of the storm, you do not feel, or perhaps you should not feel . . . my pride is humbled, even unsummoned I would have traveled there with you . . . If you would have only wished to be frank! You certainly conceal something from me, you want to spare me and cause me more pain in this uncertainty than even the most fateful certainty." A second letter, undated, reads: "For you, poor Beethoven, there is no happiness from the outside: in this world you must create everything for yourself; only in the ideal world can you find friends."

From this and many other expressions one can sense how Beethoven vacillated between the earthly and the supermundane. With all the fibers of his transitory life he felt the urge for union with a woman—an "immortal beloved"—from which his supermundane genius restrains him. This, then, is how the letters to the one called the "Immortal Beloved" can be interpreted: Can our love exist other than through self-sacrifice and renunciation? Can you change the fact that you are not entirely mine nor I entirely yours?

In his study of all aspects of the subject, Kaznelson attributes a great significance in Beethoven's life to another woman: Rahel Levin (1771-1833), one of the most intelligent women of her time and always the center of an artistically stimulating society, wherever she happened to be. In 1808 she made the acquaintance of Varnhagen von Ense (1785-1858) and later married him, having foresworn Judaism. To her Varnhagen dedicated a post-mortem book of verse "Rahel—a book in her memory," which attests to the superior mind and deeply romantic emotional life of this unique woman.

It is Kaznelson's belief that Beethoven's celebrated song cycle "An die ferne Geliebte" ("To the Distant Beloved") was not just a poetical fancy of Alois Jeitteles, but related to a truly "Distant Beloved"—Rahel Levin. There are contemporary documents, quoted by Kaznelson, indicating that such a belief was widespread at the time, whether or not the person was Rahel Levin. I wish to offer no opinion whether this imaginary person is that Rahel Levin for whom, it is true, Beethoven played the piano occasionally in Teplitz, but who otherwise left behind her no noteworthy traces in the Master's life story.

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EARLY BRUCKNER AND LATE

—Bettmann Archive.

By WINTHROP SARGEANT

FOR SOME odd reason, doubtless connected with the peculiar characteristics of his music, the people who concern themselves with Anton Bruckner seem to constitute a group of specialists somewhat similar to those who devote themselves to Elizabethan madrigals or the novels of Anthony Trollope. For them, Bruckner's music is a world in itself, subject to slightly different laws from those that apply to the work of other composers, and few of them will admit that he has an exact equal anywhere else in the symphonic art. This tendency toward specialization is also to be found among those who conduct his symphonies. Some of the greatest conductors—Toscanini was an example—have no feeling whatever for the Bruckner style, and some lesser ones seem to shine magnificently as Bruckner interpreters. The problem of Bruckner interpretation depends, of course, to a great extent on personal sympathy. It also depends on a knack of seizing the proper tempos and integrating them into the complex fabric of a Bruckner score so that what otherwise might appear to be a diffuse and rambling structure becomes a logical whole. The recent crop of European Bruckner recordings contains a number of fine examples of this knack, and one or two of them are of the sort that the Bruckner enthusiast will treasure as definitive re-creations of the Austrian master's work.

Lovro von Matacic's recording of the Fourth Symphony with the Philharmonia Orchestra of London (followed by the Scherzo from Bruckner's Symphony No. "0" and his Overture in G Minor; Angel Records, 3548-B) is, in its way, one of the most extraordinary Bruckner recordings that I have ever heard. Mr. von Matacic is, I understand, a Jugoslav. He has a very delicate sense of phrase-ological elegance and a feeling for sensuous tone that is not often found among Germanic conductors. In the Philharmonia Orchestra he has one of the world's most brilliant and sensitive ensembles to work with, and the result of this combination of temperamental and technical virtues is that Bruckner comes out sounding almost like Chopin at the hands of some Slavic virtuoso. The effect is, to say the least, arresting. The entire performance is wonderfully smooth and silken, and should be liked even by those who do not ordinarily like Bruckner. Speaking as a specialist, I have some fault to find with the slow movement which is a bit too sentimentalized for my taste, and lacks the stately ruggedness that a more sustained tempo would have given it. But the remaining movements are done with amazing eloquence, and, on the whole, the recording seems to me the most ingratiating one currently available of this relatively popular and much-recorded symphony. In the Scherzo from the little Symphony No. "0" and the Overture in G Minor Mr. von Matacic has dipped into an area of Bruckner's work which is virtually unknown in American concert halls, that of the very early Bruckner, who composed in a light style somewhat resembling those of Mendelssohn and Schumann. Both works are agreeably lyric and uncomplicated, and the performances are as deft as could be desired.

Hans Knappertsbusch's version of the Fifth Symphony (followed by the "Dawn," "Siegfried's Rhine Journey," and "Siegfried's Funeral Music" from Wagner's "Götterdämmerung": Vienna Philharmonic; London) is a very welcome one, since it is an authoritative reading with generally crisp tempos and beautifully paced climaxes. The Vienna Philharmonic's playing in the difficult three-against-two passages of the slow movement is not always absolutely accurate rhythmically, but this is a small fault when balanced against the warmth of the orchestra's tone, the dignity of Knappertsbusch's general conception of the work, and the fine clarity of the fugal voices and lacy interludes of the last movement. Altogether this is a distinguished achievement.

Eduard van Beinum's recording of the Eighth Symphony (followed by Schubert's Symphony No. 3 in D Major; Amsterdam Concertgebouw; Epic) represents, to my mind, the definitive interpretation of what is perhaps the greatest—or at least the most perfectly formed and dramatically well-knit—of all Bruckner's symphonies, and it stands as a worthy companion piece to Mr. van Beinum's magnificent previous recording of the Seventh. It is a superb performance from every point of view, and undoubtedly supersedes all earlier ones on records. Its long, serene slow movement, in particular, is done with great perception as to tempo, so that it emerges with much greater coherence than it has in the terribly dragged version of it that appears in the old recording by Eugen Jochum.

Mr. Jochum, as I have implied above, is something of a problem as a Bruckner interpreter, and his recording of the Ninth Symphony with the Berlin Philharmonic (followed by Beethoven's "Fantasia in C minor for Piano, Chorus and Orchestra," Op. 80, with Andor Foldes, pianist, the RIAS Chamber Choir, the Berlin Motet Choir, and the Berlin Philharmonic conducted by Fritz Lehmann; Decca, 4 sides) again brings me to the question of tempo. Mr. Jochum conducts Bruckner's faster movements with an excellent feeling for style and momentum, but he is apparently under the impression that music of deep spiritual content should be performed at an extraordinarily funereal pace, and when he gets to an Adagio he has an invariable habit of slowing things to the point where even the most confirmed Bruckner enthusiast is apt to lose track of his moorings. The Adagio of this particular recording is no exception to this rule. It is so slow, in fact, that the movement takes up a side and a half, and thus has the disadvantage, not only of making Bruckner's musical thought difficult to grasp, but of breaking the continuity for a change of records. This is a pity, for the remaining movements are beautifully done—so beautifully that the recording as a whole is far superior to the rather metronomic one by Jascha Horenstein, which is the last one that I remember hearing. The Berlin Philharmonic plays magnificently, and the work of the woodwinds and horns, especially in the Scherzo, is flawless.

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THE KARAJAN EXPERIMENT (CONT.)

By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

VIENNA.

THE Karajan Experiment (*SR* Aug. 11) was tested for the first time early in April when Herbert von Karajan made his debut as chief conductor and chief producer of the Vienna State Opera, of which he has been artistic director, mostly *in absentia,* since last September. It has become known even beyond the Vienna Woods that the august Staatsoper has fallen on evil days since the brief glory of its Reopening Festival in November 1955. Gustav Mahler, as director of this house, said that one perfect performance every week would justify the existence of an expensive, state-subsidized opera house. By Mahler's standards, the current Staatsoper should long be out of business. Perfect evenings have become as rare as true-blue diamonds. Poor-to-middling repertory performances with spiritless conducting, second-rate singing, and no pretense of staging are the rule. Inexperienced singers are hired, often after a brief, inconclusive performance. Rehearsals are unpopular; the orchestra is often studded with substitutes; artists must appear at shortest notice, with little chance to find out what is going on. The Fourth Gallery, traditional hangout of opera lovers and trained enthusiasts, now publishes a monthly newsletter, *Der Merker*, which, despite some rather Beckmesserish griping, contains a great many justified complaints and furnishes eloquent proof of the Fourth Gallery's deep concern about the latent malaise of its beloved Staatsoper. Things reached a sad climax a few months ago when, after the premiere of "Tannhäuser," the artist singing the title role was booed out and later chased around the opera house by irate opera-lovers with a taste for something that ought to be, but isn't quite, forgotten in Vienna.

Karajan's local admirers are confident that he will bring back quality and dignity to the State Opera and finish with the *Schlamperei* that deteriorates many repertory evenings. Others are afraid that he will look only after the performances which he conducts himself and show little interest in productions which he inherited from his predecessor, Karl Böhm. After several false, long-distance starts, Karajan has made an energetic beginning. (Knowing that the Vienna Philharmonic is the Staatsoper's greatest asset, he made peace with the august orchestra which he hasn't conducted for almost ten years, and will lead it in a performance of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony.) For his operatic debut he chose Wagner's "Die Walküre." Karajan clearly considers himself one of the greatest conductors and producers of our time, but he isn't always able to convey this impression to others. As a first-rate producer, he hasn't arrived yet. His new "Walküre" is reminiscent of early, postwar Bayreuth (where Karajan made a brief appearance) when the Wagner brothers hadn't worked things out yet. Karajan is obsessed with dimness which he confuses with "mood." Despite twenty-five lighting rehearsals, the listener is often painfully aware of insufficient or incorrect lighting when he shouldn't be aware of any lighting at all. There is a hodgepodge of styles from the moderate abstract to the semi-stylized romantic. The singers are told to avoid excess movement, which makes sense, but they often move in a dream-like, papier-mâché way which makes no sense at all. In present-day Bayreuth there is always an inherent link between word and gesture, movement and music; in Karajan's production there is none as yet. Stylized scenes are followed by frankly naturalistic moments (the silhouetted duel of Siegmund and Hunding). The Feuerzauber is magnificent; even M-G-M couldn't do it better. The sets which were painted by Emil Preetorius are dramatic and effective, the costumes are timeless and blend well into the sets. At the end of the first act, Spring doesn't come through the door. Instead the back wall of Hunding's house flies off by magic and reveals the sky-blue cyclorama. Very interesting, but maybe Karajan ought to stick to conducting, of which he knows a lot more.

As conductor he was always interesting and often exhilarating. He has a genuine regard for the limits of the human larynx and never demands the Wagnerian-impossible from his singers. Instead of making them shout over the din of the 100-men orchestra, he keeps the orchestra down and lets the singers use their voices freely and naturally. There were almost chamber-musical moments in this "Walküre." The score was shown in a transparent texture; the *Leitmotivs* were audible; even the brass fortissimi were never brassy. Karajan let Suthaus (Siegmund) sing out his Marathon "Wälsung" as long as the tenor was able to hold it. I watched Karajan; his arms were lowered and he waited for Suthaus to end, and only then did he let the orchestra come in. Wotan's interminable second-act monologue, in which a lot of ugly family gossip is brought up, began in an intimate whispered *parlando* and slowly gained momentum, intensity, and drama as the story unfolded. The love duet between Siegmund and Sieglinde and Wotan's farewell song were moments of sheer poetry and rare beauty. Naturally, Karajan's slow, lyrical, almost impressionist interpretation misses some of the dramatic aspects, and during the second act the conductor seemed to lose interest in the proceedings for a while, but can you blame him for that? After a hard

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day's work, the second act of "Walküre" is tough on anyone but the most rabid Wagnerian.

After a last-minute switch that is characteristic of the present mismanagement in Vienna, Leonie Rysanek sang Sieglinde instead of a Norwegian soprano who had been called, rehearsed, and sent away two days before the premiere. Miss Rysanek develops into the greatest singing actress on the German opera stage. She has genuine timbre, great warmth, a flawless technique, perfect musicianship. Her emotional range is as great as her vocal one, from the softest pianissimo to ringing high tones. I've heard no such Sieglinde since Lehmann.

There may be louder-singing Wotans than Hans Hotter but there is none who is more God-like. Hotter *is* Wotan in every tone, gesture, and stillness. He made the "Abschied" the great climax of the evening it should be. This made up for a disappointing scene of the Valkyries who provided an ironic sidelight on Vienna's one-time *Ensemblekunst*. Birgit Nilsson, considered by some a minor-league Flagstad, has neither the great personality nor compelling intensity of her Scandinavian colleague. Miss Nilsson has a cool, clear, technically perfect voice, but she was often dull, a petit-bourgeois Valkyrie. Jean Madeira's Fricka was a pleasant surprise; for once she didn't act as if everyone had come to hear only her. She had been admirably restrained by Karajan, sang well, and looked the part. Two experienced veterans, Ludwig Suthaus and Gottlob Frick, gave first-rate performances as Siegmund and Hunding.

Karajan's inspired, full-arm baton swinging made the Philharmoniker sound as beautifully as only they will sound on a good night. It was a fine, if somewhat uneven, evening which opens pleasant vistas for the future. (Karajan's next: "Otello" with Monaco and Rysanek.) A great many promises he made last year are as yet unfulfilled. The exchange performances with Milan's La Scala have been called off. The famous conductors who were to appear "200 times a season" haven't come yet. A newspaper last week reported that the forty-two leading Staatsoper singers are paid 30 million Schilling ($1,200,000) a year, compared to the sixty leading Burgtheater actors and actresses who get a measly 8 million Schilling. Apparently not only the Fourth Gallery enthusiasts and the critics, but even the taxpayers of Vorarlberg are watching Karajan's performance. It has never been easy to sit in the chair of the Vienna opera director, as others before Karajan have found out.

Lipatti, Walter Legge, and Madeleine Lipatti.

LIPATTI'S LAST RECITAL

TO KNOW Dinu Lipatti, apparently, was to love him. Not having had that privilege I can only judge from the testimonials of those who did. There are those who were near to him and watched his accomplishments multiply—Enesco, Cortot, Nadia Boulanger, who were understandably proud, and understandably grieved when he died on December 2, 1950, not yet thirty-three (a scant few months after the last recital of his career, now available on Angel set 3556B). But there are others—Ansermet, Karajan, Backhaus ("Uns bleibt die Erinnerung an das Schöne, was er uns gab, und die Trauer"), Honegger, Markevitch, Frank Martin—to whom he lingers in memory as a man as well as a musician.

For those who knew only the musician—through the limiting agency of discs, at that—there was something of a James Hilton fantasy in the slow dribble of one collection and then another from an artist clearly of the chosen few whom one never saw and was all too soon dead. For those who engaged in the grim race against time it was no fantasy, as Walter Legge (who signed him to a contract in 1946 and was intermediary at every recording session thereafter) details in an absorbing article first published in *The Gramophone* in 1951 and included (slightly condensed) with the Angel issue.

That there is something of a Lipatti legacy (in the circumstances, it might be written Leggacy) as well as a Lipatti legend is a double triumph for science—not merely the science of recording which has carried his artistry to thousands who never saw him, but also medical science. It counteracted, for a time, the inroads of the ailment from which he died (rheumatoid arthritis) and made possible the sessions of July 1950 resulting in the Columbia recordings of Chopin waltzes and the B flat Partita of Bach. (Such musicians as Yehudi Menuhin and Charles Munch contributed to the fund assuring him an adequate supply.) It was cortisone, too, which enabled him to go through with an appearance at the Besancon Festival on September 16, 1950, from which the present Angel album is derived.

Lipatti was sickly through most of the postwar period, unable to undertake concert tours which had been booked for him not only in North and South America but also in Australia. He was able to undertake four journeys to England: October-November 1946, February-March 1947, again in September 1947 (when he recorded the Grieg Concerto with Alceo Galliera conducting), and April 1948 (from which dates the noble playing of the Schumann concerto with Herbert van Karajan conducting). Thereafter, Lipatti was unable to travel, and it was only when the cortisone treatments gave him a temporary lift in 1950 that plans were made, at much effort and cost, to record him in the Geneva radio studios as already noted.

However, it was not health alone that restricted Lipatti's output to the scant quantity of published records. "In the five years we worked together," writes Legge, "I was able to offer him a repertoire for recording which many another pianist would have sacrificed his wife and family. Lipatti was not to be deflected from his devoted approach. To prepare the Emperor Concerto he would need four years, even for the Tchaikovsky he needed three. Nothing in his work was unprepared or left to chance. He had his schedule of works to be studied and practised carefully mapped out for five years in advance." (There exists a plan of work Lipatti had sketched for the years 1950 to 1957, embracing music from Bach's "Chromatic Fantasy

(*Continued on page* 52)

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Recordings in Review

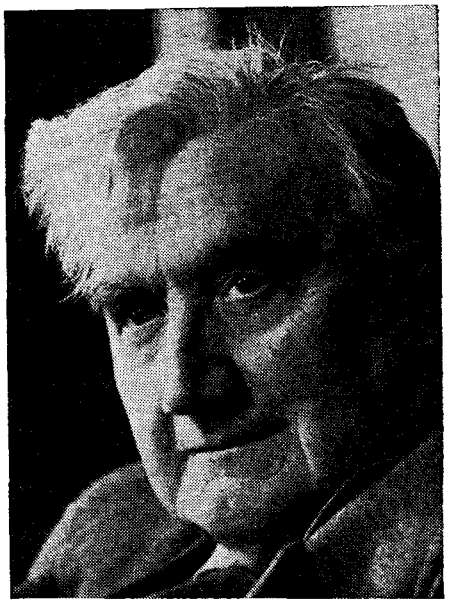
Vaughan Williams No. 4

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *Symphony No. 4 in F minor. Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.* Columbia ML 5158, $3.98.

THE PERFECT conductor, if there could be such a thing, would have a chameleon-capacity for converting his color to that of the work with which he was momentarily concerned. In this all too imperfect world the procedure is too often inverse—the work being required to take on the color of the conductor involved. The great performance comes about when the matching of man and music is divinely ordained, an occasion understandably uncommon.

As those who have had the experience in the concert hall are aware, the leanness, intellectuality and angularity of the Fourth Symphony of Vaughan Williams's accord remarkably with those elements of Mitropoulos's musical personality which are strongest. It is no problem for him to pursue its shafts of thought where they lead, to separate the conflicts that twine about them, to regulate, control, clarify. Through some odd twist of affinity—what could be more diverse than the backgrounds of the German-trained musician of Greek nativity, the Cambridge-trained son of a Gloucestershire clergyman?—this music comes from Mitropoulos's hands as naturally as if it had been written for him.

It is a further fact of musical interest that the performance finds the Philharmonic at its best, the sound tightly-knit, the balances precisely adjusted, the individual solos clean and concentrated. The tension and harshness that sometimes invade the relationship of this conductor and his players are largely lacking, a testimonial, perhaps, to mutual confidence in the success of the outcome. A full share of credit belongs to the engineering elements who have given highlights and shadows their just due.



Vaughan Williams—"shafts of thought."

Birth of a Notion

MOUSSORGSKY: *"Night on Bare Mountain,"* DUKAS: *"Sorcerer's Apprentice,"* BACH: Toccata and Fugue in D minor, PONCHIELLI: *"Dance of the Hours,"* STRAVINSKY: *"Rite of Spring" (Excerpts),* BEETHOVEN: *"Pastoral" Symphony (Excerpts). Leopold Stokowski conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra for the "Fantasia" sound track.* Disneyland WDX 101, $3.98.

AMONG THE many distinctions of his varied career—including more than a few in the field of reproduction—Leopold Stokowski can now lay claim to the first high-fidelity recording. Or, to put it in another way, the conductor to preside over the first high-fidelity reproduction of an orchestra. What was a sensational specimen of musical reproduction fifteen years ago when "Fantasia" was new comes to the ear with remarkable vividness and authenticity in this processing for home use of its historic soundtrack.

For myself, judgment of the original in the theatre was always complicated by the use of multiple speakers, leaving doubt just what the soundtrack contained. As this adaptation by Robert O. Cook shows, the multichannel original contained what was indeed the first full-range orchestral sound preserved by mechanical means, thus being the birth of the notion of what we now know as high fidelity. The album contains a modest disclaimer, "It will be immediately apparent to critical hi-fi enthusiasts that this by no means represents modern hi-fi recording and no such claim is made." Were all producers of today's records as candid!

For the music-lover the basic question will automatically be: Is this a treasurable restoration of the Philadelphia Orchestra of Stokowski's time called back from limbo thanks to the timestopping "deep freeze" of film? Certainly it is a splendid orchestra we hear in the thunderous performance of the D minor Toccata and Fugue, the rampant version of "Night on Bare Mountain," the well-played "montage" of Stravinsky (twenty-three minutes) and the dismally disjointed Beethoven (twenty-one minutes), but the element of personality that made (and makes) the Philadelphia Orchestra great seems shadowy and pale no matter how acute the sound. The big sound stage, for one thing, and the multichannel technique tend to make the totality disembodied and artificial. The bass, particularly, is grey and indistinct by present tastes. But a unique document nevertheless.

The decorative container, illustrated with artwork from the film, leaves little doubt that Deems Taylor's text regards Disney's artists as full partner with Bach, Beethoven, Moussorgsky, *et al.*

Kirkpatrick, Archivist

BACH: *English Suites. Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord.* Deutsche Grammophon Archive series, ARC 3069-70, $11.96.

IT IS AN undoubted compliment for American-born, American-trained Ralph Kirkpatrick to be chosen by the History of Music Division of Deutsche Grammophon for this segment of its exhaustive project. It provides another endorsement for the view that Kirkpatrick is among the leaders of his highly specialized field, from a quarter that has not been overeager to recognize America's claims to distinction in music or scholarship.

I cannot recall listening to the six English Suites in sequence previously, and the experience is such that I doubt I would have forgotten a previous one. Taken together they strike me as much inferior to the French suites, or what is in truth their "German" counterpart, the Partitas. The march of notes goes on relentlessly, and it is only when such an old friend as the Gavotte of No. 3 emerges that the interest (for me) is more than academic. Nos. 5 and 6 have more character and individuality than the others, but the distinction is a relative one.

As an admirer of Kirkpatrick's abilities in more congenial tasks, I consider him blameless in this result. An interesting indication of the forces at work may be provided by the table of timings for the individual movements and each complete work which shows No. 3 totaling 18 minutes 55 seconds; No. 4, 18 minutes 51 seconds; and No. 5, 18 minutes 58 seconds (the preludes of Nos. 4 and 5 are of identical length, 4 minutes 17 seconds). If this does not suggest that much of such music was written to a very precise formula, I

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don't know what it does suggest. And even for such a man as Bach, formulas tend to produce formalized results. (To complete the story, No. 1 is 20 minutes 39 seconds, No. 2 23 minutes 8 seconds and No. 6 25 minutes 20 seconds.) Some of the color effects of Kirkpatrick's registration are particularly well reproduced in an engineering accomplishment of consistently high quality.

Belated Addition to the B's

BOCCHERINI: *Quintets in A major (opus 28), F major (Op. 41, No. 2), D major (Op. 11, No. 6), A major (Op. 40, No. 4), and five individual movements including "the" minuet. Quintetto Boccherini.* Angel 45006-7, $7.96.

AS THOSE who have sampled his available literature are aware, Luigi Boccherini (1743-1805) is a prime instance of a composer "much celebrated in his lifetime" whose posthumous fame has been largely literary rather than musical. To a degree this has to do with his service in royal houses of Spain and Germany, which restricted wider public performance of his music while he was alive. However, it does not illuminate the lack of enterprise by generations of musicians since then.

Taking the famous (if suspect) cello concerto as one trend of his talent and the irrepressible minuet as another, it is hardly surprising that the legend of an unfailingly sunny musical disposition has been attached to Boccherini. One of the most valuable services of the quintet which wears his name with honor is their revelation, in such movements as an A minor largo, a grave in D minor and the slow movements of several of the quintets, that he had a strain of profundity not unworthy of Haydn or Mozart, an appreciation of major-minor vacillations usually assigned to Schubert.

Obviously a large part of the interest conveyed by these works must be credited to the refinement, taste, and immaculate execution of the group headed by Guido Mazzato. They even achieve the surpassing feat of playing the "celebrated" minuet (as written, for two violins, viola, and two celli) as if it had never been heard before. What they do with the 150-year-old "novelties" is correspondingly rarefied. Angel's "Library" edition contains only extracts from Felix Aprahamian's annotations which, in such material as this, is a real insufficiency. The sound has a silky sheen, texture, and richness which is, of itself, to the ear what a fine cloth is to the hand. —I. K.

DUELISTS OF THE BOW

EVEN in the field of musical performance, the physical law that to every action there is an equal and opposite reaction has its legal force. It may be merely an illusion, but some of our most respected violinists seem to have taken a new hold on their recording careers since the Age of Oistrakh began, reaching its climax with his personal appearances a year ago. We are just beginning to inherit the results of that happening with the appearance of discs dating from 1956 sessions. In the instance, especially, of Mischa Elman and Jascha Heifetz, the evidence has been accumulating for some time, and has now reached proportions worthy of comment.

For Elman, who is in sight of the fiftieth anniversary of his American debut in December 1908, the present state might well be likened to a second childhood, for he was hailed as "undoubtedly a great violinist" in his first, and could ask nothing more than a perpetuation of that state. Even so, it is doubtful that at any time past he could have taken Erich Korngold's "Much Ado About Nothing" Suite (as he does on London LL 1467) and made so much of its fragile charm within a compass of rich sound dominated by a perfect taste (something not always characteristic of his past). Its several sections provide a full opportunity for Elman to demonstrate his mastery of the art of making much out of little. It is good, also, to see him putting his unique equipment—which has never been in richer-sounding order than it is in these, and his other recent discs (especially the Bruch Concerto on London)—at the service of a sonatina by the contemporary Werner Josten, as well as such staples of his repertory as Achron's "Hebrew Melody" and Bloch's "Nigun." To be sure, this work of 1939 is rather mildly tinged with the modernist's colors, but for one of Elman's orientation the artful performance represents a considerable effort of the will. Moreover, he manages to make the sound a beautiful one, no small accomplishment. Joseph Seiger is of excellent assistance at the piano throughout.

For Heifetz the sequence would have to include the superb version of the Brahms Concerto with Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra (RCA LM 1903, $3.98), the infinitely artful playing of the Spohr No. 8 with Walter Hendl and the Dallas Symphony (coupled on RCA Victor LM 2027 with the Rozsa concerto and Tchaikovsky's "Serenade Melancolique," the latter directed by Izler Solomon), and two recent additions: LM 2050, on which Castelnuovo-Tedesco's Second Concerto ("The Prophets") shares disc space with the E flat Sonata of Richard Strauss, and LM 2074 in which Castelnuovo-Tedesco is again honored, this time with "The Lark" (for which Emanuel Bay is the pianist), in company with the Faure sonata (Op. 13) and the Vitali "Chaconne," for which the organist is Richard Ellsasser.

AMONG all this gilded sound my favorite performance is an impassioned but always masterfully controlled treatment of the Strauss sonata, which has had some discerning interpreters (including Joseph Fuchs, Ruggiero Ricci, and the late Ginette Neveu) on discs, but not previously one with so strong a sense of its capricious moods as Heifetz's. Rarely has the art of spinning tone out of air had a more hypnotic demonstration than in the "Improvisation," in which Heifetz's response to the young (twenty-three-year-old) composer's flights of fancy borders on the telepathic. That rarest of all disc qualities —atmosphere—is here almost palpably present. It is also a subject for congratulations that the performer's indifference (it has sometimes seemed like disdain) for proper balance and the most advantageous studio conditions has been amended in the direction of real tonal justice. Brooks Smith's piano playing in the Strauss is delicately adjusted to his partner's and richly sonorous, the organ in the "Chaconne" likewise well-proportioned.

As for the instigator of it all, though out of sight, he is far from out of mind. Decca's DL-9882 titled "Violinist Composer" finds Oistrakh, Sr., in dazzling mood in a collection of fiddling tall tales by Ysaye ("Elegiac Poem"), Wieniawski (Etude in E), Sarasate ("Zortzico"), Kreisler ("La Gitana"), two works of Vieuxtemps ("Romances" of Op. 7, Nos. 2 and 3), and for a final shuffling of the cards Paganini's variations for the G string on a theme from Rossini's "Moses in Egypt." The last of these is the kind of virtuoso piece which is often talked about, but rarely heard—for reasons altogether apparent in Oistrakh's gasp-inducing performance. The sound sometimes suggests that Oistrakh was recorded in an airplane hangar—which, considering his travel schedule, is not a wholly remote possibility.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Anderson, L: "Irish" suite, "Sleigh Ride," "Serenata," "Trumpeter's Lullaby," etc. Frederick Fennell conducting the Eastman-Rochester Pop. Orchestra. Mercury MG 50130, $3.98.	The likable inventions of Anderson (including "Sandpaper Ballet," "Forgotten Dreams," and "Bugler's Holiday" which are new to me) are treated with zest and style by Fennell. About the only qualification would relate to the sound, rather muffled and with somewhat excessive bass emphasis. A larger sound space would seem in order for the next session.
Bach: Suites in D (Nos. 3 and 4). Eduard van Beinum conducting the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra. Epic LC 3332, $3.98.	The large orchestra and the large hall, together with the emphasis here on tympani and trumpets, tend to blur some outlines of Van Beinum's forceful performances. On the whole the better known suite (No. 3) is more agreeable listening, especially the Air, which is expressively delivered, and the gavotte, which he takes at an invigorating pace.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 7 in A. Arturo Toscanini conducting the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Camden CAL 352, $1.98.	This famous performance of 1936 retains its musical vigor and emotional force, though concepts of "reasonable" reproduction have altered drastically since it was new. However, with adequate equipment, a nearly life-sized, if rough sounding, likeness of the great orchestra of the 1930s can be simulated as it sounded in Carnegie Hall.
Brahms: Concerto in D. Leonid Kogan, violin, with the Conservatoire Orchestra directed by Charles Bruck. Angel 35412, $4.98.	One of the best of the numerous good recordings now available of the Brahms concerto, this shows Kogan to be an unswerving devotee of violinistic virtue and musical rectitude. The tone is somewhat "narrow" in vibrato and displacement, but it has a brilliant finish, a penetrating gloss that makes for expressiveness disproportionate to mere size. Bruck directs a companionable orchestral background and the sound is good, though a little compressed.
Brahms: Symphony No. 1. Igor Markevitch conducting the Symphony of the Air. Decca DL 9907, $3.98.	Poor engineering is only the first liability of this recording recently made in Manhattan Center on New York's 34th St. The tympani thumps in the first movement sound like unwanted intrusions from a riveting machine, the "fit" of the music to the air space too tight. It improves somewhat in following movements, but is never wholly successful. As for Markevitch's Brahms, it is insufficiently digested for recreation on records, measured by standards of Walter, Toscanini, Karajan or Van Beinum in one group, Kubelik, Steinberg or Leinsdorf in another.
Brahms: "Variations on a Theme of Haydn." Schubert: Symphony in B minor. Herbert van Karajan conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35299, $4.98.	One of the best performances of the Brahms Variations ever to appear on records, and, necessarily one of Karajan's best of anything to date. He has a compelling sense of its varying moods, an intimate comprehension of texture and dynamics, also a welcome inclination to permit the horn, oboe, flute, etc. to play their solo passages as individuals. The Schubert symphony is equally well executed, but with a rather blunt unlyric character, a resistance to its melodic seductions. Fine sound throughout.
Chopin: "Les Sylphides." Dukas: "La Péri." George Weldon conducting the Hallé Orchestra. Mercury MG 50117, $3.98.	Second rate would be a flattering judgment for these performances, which range from tedious in the Chopin to futile in the Dukas. Neither shows a strong sense of predisposition to the material, and the reproduction lacks clarity.
Franck: "Variations Symphoniques." Rachmaninoff: "Rhapsody on a theme by Paganini." Leon Fleisher, piano, with Cleveland Orchestra conducted by George Szell. Epic LC 3330, $3.98.	The Franck is the best performance I have yet heard Fleisher do, either live or recorded. It is technically assured and musically valid, but what is more, it gives evidence of that valuable element called temperament. The last third, particularly, has a lift and vitality which are good to hear. Szell does his part expertly, too. The Rachmaninoff lacks this kind of conviction, however, and what Fleisher provides, intellectually, is beside the main point. A well-played version of Delius's "Irmelin" prelude fills out the Franck side. Excellent sound.
Khatchaturian: Concerto. Ruggiero Ricci violin, with Anatole Fistoulari conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. London LL 1537, $3.98.	Ricci doesn't command the kind of incisive virtuosity that both Oistrakhs bring to their versions of this work, but he has his own pulsating lyric feeling for the places where it is permissible and a degree of intensity throughout that makes for absorbing listening. In its rather small-scale way, it is all beautiful violin playing, cleverly microphoned to sound more ample than it is. Fistoulari is well attuned to the needs of the music.
Mozart: Concerto in A, Quintet in A. Benny Goodman, clarinet, with Boston Symphony conducted by Charles Munch, and the Boston Symphony Quartet. RCA Victor LM 2073, $3.98.	Goodman has learned much about the technical problems of these works in twenty years of performance, and is now equipped to solve them with security, even finesse. The art of making such music meaningful, however, is something else, and rather rudimentary still in these performances. Too much restraint, too little give and take, make the scores more straitjackets than well fitting garments. The instrumental elements are drawn to the same scale. Good sound, limited to what is offered.
Mozart: Concerto in A. Bernard Walton, clarinet, with Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Herbert van Karajan. Symphony No. 39 in E flat. Karajan and Philharmonia. Angel 35323, $4.98.	A pair of lively performances, especially "Graduation Ball," whose dance rhythms are related by start to finish, and modulating it beautifully for expressive effect. Karajan's participation is of a very high order. The symphony, played with a full complement of strings, has a broad but airborne sonority, fine emphasis, and much more than ordinary care in preparation. Altogether a lustrous disc for the Mozart enthusiast, or for those with a fondness for fine instrumentalism.
Strauss, J. (Dorati): "Graduation Ball." Meyerbeer (Lambert): "Les Patineurs." Joseph Levine conducting the Ballet Theater Orchestra. Capitol P 8360, $3.98.	A pair of lively performances, especially "Graduation Ball," whose dance rhythms are related by Levine to the specific, as well as the general, source. There is less for ear alone in the Meyerbeer-Lambert, but what there is Levine delivers ably. Good sound, and notably spacious.
Strauss: "Burleske." Schumann: Concerto in A minor. Rudolf Serkin, piano, with Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 5168, $3.98.	Probably the best version now available of the Strauss, a work for which Serkin has a strong feeling, also a subtle understanding. Ormandy defines the orchestral texture uncommonly, and the sound is ear-filling. In the Schumann some points are overstressed by Serkin, a little overproduced by the orchestra's string section.
Rossini (Respighi): "Boutique Fantasque." Ibert: Divertimento. Piston: "Incredible Flutist." Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston "Pops." Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2084. $3.98.	Fiedler's well-matched choice of elements provides lively listening, though the Rossini and Ibert have had more of their flavor extracted by other hands (in both instances, Désormière). The Piston score holds its place in the exacting company, and is perhaps the best performed of the three. Well-spaced sound, though the pickup is a little distant from the source for the best presence. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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RICHTER AND ASHKENAZY

VLADIMIR ASHKENAZY: *Chopin, Piano Concerto No. 2 in F Minor, Solo Works.* Angel Records 35403, $4.98.

SVIATOSLAV RICHTER: *Rachmaninoff, Concerto No. 1, Saint-Saens Concerto No. 5.* Monitor MC 2004, $4.98.

IT IS A PITY THAT the so-called "Geneva spirit" was of such a short duration. No sooner had we started on a program of cultural exchange with Soviet Russia than the political situation changed, and with it ended the "intellectual intercourse." Now we have gone back to the days when, as it was at one time with Oistrakh and Gilels, we are learning about the Soviet artists either by hearsay or, at best, through their recorded performances. During the past two years the names of Richter and Ashkenazy have been frequently mentioned, but not much is known about them. And although Ashkenazy actually was in Western Europe and Richter is still hoping to go there we have less information about Ashkenazy than Richter.

This, I think, can easily be explained. Richter is a more mature artist, who has achieved in Soviet Russia a certain position similar to that of Gilels, while Ashkenazy is still a youngster who in 1956 won the first prize at the International Piano Contest in Brussels. His reputation outside Russian so far rests on his extraordinary performance at the contest.

One of the hurdles of that musical marathon is presented to the contesting pianists in a form of an unknown, unpublished concerto written by a contemporary composer. Last year it was the Belgian composer René Defossez's concerto, and Ashkenazy stupefied everyone by learning the work by heart in two days. A thirteen-member panel of judges, including Artur Rubinstein, Robert Casadesus, and Emil Gilels, awarded him the first prize.

I have heard Ashkenazy play other works than Chopin's and it seems to me that the selection on this present recording has not been chosen to his best advantage. Listening to it, I feel that the sweet and sentimental facets of his playing are somewhat overemphasized. When, as in all the more vigorous sections of Chopin's Ballade (in F major), he is called upon to show strength and manliness his technical equipment fails him and the result is blurred. His performance of the concerto is clean and neatly delivered, but it is not particularly impressive, and his playing of the Etudes and Mazurkas does not whet your appetite. However, I think it would be unfair not to let him have another chance to show his qualities in a far better light.

Richter's recording does not do him full justice either. I have heard Richter in the flesh several times. When he is in the right mood he has no rival among the pianists of his generation. But, as he confessed to me, he is not always in a mood to perform and he himself is ready to discard 90 per cent of the works he has played at one or another concert as those that did not "come out." Richter hates to record and yet, I am afraid, this is going to be the only way we shall be able to hear him for some time to come. Both

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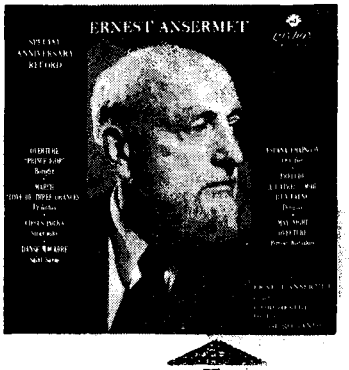

Prince Igor — Overture *(Borodin)*; The Love Of Three Oranges *(Prokofiev)*; Circus Polka *(Stravinsky)*; Danse Macabre *(Saint-Saëns)*; España Rhapsody *(Chabrier)*; Prelude A L'Apres Midi d'un Faun *(Debussy)*; A Night In May — Overture *(Rimsky-Korsakov)*.

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bartók: Sonata (Unaccompanied). Wandy Tworek, violin. Riisager: Sonata for two violins. Tworek, with Charles Senderovitz, violins. Sonata for trio. Tworek, Johan Hye-Knudsen, cello, and Esther Vagning, piano. London LL 1553, $3.98.	The Bartók sonata may qualify as the best music on this disc, but there is considerable interest in the works of Riisager, a contemporary Dane who has an individuality of his own. This is particularly evident in the duo-sonata where the problem of sustaining interest in the unaccompanied strings is masterfully managed. The "sonata" for violin, piano, and cello (by any standard, what is commonly called a trio) is also admirably accomplished if not as immediately rewarding as the duo. Tworek and associates are all qualified for their tasks, his Bartók showing an affinity for the style if not as much virtuoso flair as André Gertler's version.
Bartók: Sonata No. 1. Robert Mann violin, with Leonid Hambro, piano. Bartók BR 922, $5.95.	A lengthy, complex, and emotionally charged work superbly delivered by Mann and Hambro, who suggest long preparation for their effort in the mutuality of the outcome. Mann's tone tends to roughen in some rapid passages but there is ample compensation for this in the musical values conveyed. Peter Bartók's engineering supervision gives us an almost "photographic" likeness of the original sound.
Beethoven: Quartets No. 10 (E flat) and 11 (F minor). Koeckert Quartet. Decca DL 9894, $3.98.	Thoroughly musical and well-executed versions of these works, rather restricted in dynamic values and not inclined to the adventurous in emotional expression. A further deterrent is the dry string sound. In other words, all the virtues are academic-intellectual ones, the deficiencies in the realm of emotion, color and sensuous sound. Well balanced reproduction.
Beethoven: "Grosse Fuge." Mozart: "Serenata Notturna" (K. 239), Adagio and Fugue in C minor (K. 546). Otto Klemperer conducting members of the Philharmonia string ensemble. Angel 35401, $4.98.	Between rather ascetic versions of the two contrapuntal works, Klemperer and the Philharmonia strings (Manoug Parikian and David Wise, violins, Herbert Downes, viola, and J. E. Merrett, bass, are the solo players) deliver a performance of the Mozart delicacy which is all spirit, charm and fantasy. It is indeed one of the major delights of the bicentennial, reproduced with a wonderful sense of its string-timpani sonorities. I prefer the "Grosse Fuge" in this expanded form, but Klemperer overloads its texture with needless dynamic extreme while restraining the strings from vibrato or other vitalizing devices. However, the Mozart is worth the price of the total disc.
Beethoven: Sonatas in C sharp minor (opus 27, No. 2) and C major (opus 53). Vladimir Horowitz, piano. RCA Victor LM 2009, $3.98.	A puzzling pair of performances in which, for all the evident concern for musical substance, the lingering recollection is of pianistic points superbly made. Clearly, Horowitz can do things with these works (especially in the two finales) that are beyond the reach of most contemporaries, but the expressive essence of the music is not the more accessible thereby. I don't hear much warmth or fantasy in the "Moonlight," the kind of turmoil (and, eventually, reconciliation) the "Waldstein" contains. Thin, rather brittle, piano sound.
Brahms: "Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Handel." Waltzes, opus 39. Leon Fleisher, piano. Epic LC 3331, $3.98.	Rather percussive piano sound and a tendency to angular phrasing offset Fleisher's keen understanding of the structure and organization of the "Variations." He is most successful with the fugue. The same pianistic tendencies in the waltzes, and too little rhythmic flexibility or lightness of mood, leave them incompletely realized.
Cherubini: Six sonatas. Vera Franceschi, piano. Westminster XWN. 18276, $3.98.	Cherubini lived on to compose for sixty-two years after these works were produced in 1780, which hardly suggests that they are truly representative of the name they bear. They are, in fact, rather suggestive of minor Mozart, full of decorative qualities and musical filigree but not much interest or substance. Miss Franceschi plays them with an attractive simplicity, and no inclination to overburden them with a significance they lack. This is all to her credit, even though the outcome is not materially altered thereby.
Chopin: Etudes, Op. 25, Impromptu No. 3 and Fantasie-Impromptu. Ruth Slenczynska, piano. Decca DL 9891, $3.98.	The affinity of Miss Slenczynska for her instrument is evident in everything she does, from whispered pianissimo to rolling fortissimo, but the application to musical ends is rather rudimentary. Where the phonographic standard is Backhaus or Novaës, these readings of the etudes are incomplete and unconvincing. Better than average recorded sound.
Chopin: Sonata in B flat minor, Impromptu (A flat), Nocturne (D flat), Etude (G flat), Mazurka (A minor, opus 67, No. 4), Scherzo (C sharp minor). Byron Janis, piano. RCA Victor LM 2091, $3.98.	In subtlety and artistic awareness, these performances mark a step forward for Janis toward the realization, in meaningful music, of the resources latent in his abundant technical command. The short pieces, in particular (Impromptu, Nocturne, Etude) are shaped with a real sense of Chopinesque design and no little emotional insight. The sonata is more exterior, somewhat lacking in compulsion, but certainly well played.
Mozart: Sonatas in B flat (K. 454), and A major (K. 526). Arthur Grumiaux, violin, and Clara Haskil, piano. Epic LC 3299, $3.98.	Those who value the qualities of Grumiaux and Haskil individually will pronounce a blessing on whoever had the judgment to match their abilities in this literature, and the skill to produce such a superb end result. Only Goldberg and Kraus have combined their instruments as subtly, each taking nothing to which the other is entitled but yielding nothing on behalf of the most important member of the ensemble—Mozart. The works, incidentally, are two of the finest in a literature which contains more than a few perfunctory pieces. Full length likeness of both the keyboard and the strings.
Stravinsky: "L'Histoire du Soldat." John Pritchard conducting, with Anthony Nicholls, narrator, Robert Helpmann, and Terence Longdon. RCA Victor LM 2079, $3.98.	The spirited score is well played by an excellent ensemble (Royal Philharmonic personnel?) under Pritchard's direction but it will surprise some to discover that the Soldier has a Cockney accent, the Narrator inclined to such local colorations as "chahnce" and "prahnce," in the English translation by Michael Flanders and Kitty Black. This, of course, is one reason why the original French text would have been preferable. Excellent reproduction.
Schubert: "Dem Unendlichen," "Der Erlkönig," "Am Grabe Anselmos," "Des Mädchen's Klage," "Ave Maria." Schumann: "Der Nussbaum," "Widmung," "Die Lotosblume," etc. Kirsten Flagstad, soprano, with Edwin MacArthur, piano. London LL 1546, $3.98.	There is much beautiful singing on these two sides, suggesting that Flagstad can go on recording indefinitely. But such songs as "Erlkönig" and "Dem Unendlichen" cannot be fully conveyed by beautiful sound alone, and Flagstad's inclinations remain on their surface. However, such patterns as "Ave Maria," "Nussbaum," or "In der Fremde" can rarely have been decked with such well-formed clinging sound. The Schumann side, altogether, is more successful than the Schubert.
Verdi: Arias from "Otello," "Rigoletto," and "Traviata." Others by Thomas, Rossini, Giordano, etc. Robert Merrill, baritone, with Jonel Perlea and Vincenzo Bellezza conducting. RCA Victor LM 2086, $3.98.	Name the baritone aria and it's a fair certainty that Merrill has it here, whether the title is "Credo," "Il balen," the Brindisi from "Hamlet," "Largo al factotum," "Nemico della Patria," "Vision fugitive," "Zaza, piccola zingara" or "Adamastor." Why Merrill should want to torture his lovely sound as he often does here, he alone can answer. —I. K.

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the English and the American concert managers have tried to engage him, but the powers-that-be in Soviet Russia were not ready to let him make a short tour in the free world while the "going was good" and now it is too late. He hoped, he told me last summer, to come to England sometime at the beginning of this year, and last December he had been expected in Zagreb, Yugoslavia; but after the Hungarian affair his engagements were canceled.

ALTHOUGH Richter is known as the foremost exponent of Prokofiev's concertos, he is a Romantic. Both Rachmaninoff's and Saint-Saens's works suit him perfectly. When I say "Romantic" I do not mean to minimize his technical ability; actually he is as great a virtuoso as Gilels and Horowitz. (I hope someday he will record the Liszt's "Transcendental Etudes," where he can display the whole gamut of his unusual gifts.) But he also has that extra touch in his interpretations, that extra quality in his tone production which differentiates him from other virtuosos. However, this romanticism, this most important element that makes his playing distinctive, somehow does not come through in this recording. I have a feeling, and of course I could be mistaken, that Richter does not take the trouble to work on his recordings over and over again. Although he is a perfectionist at the keyboard, he cannot produce an appropriate mood on demand, which makes the mechanical process of recording difficult for him. —VICTOR SEROFF.

—*Sovfoto.*

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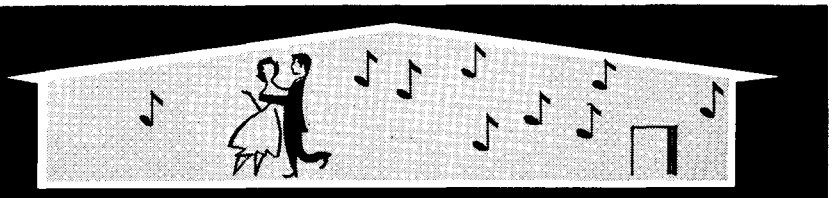

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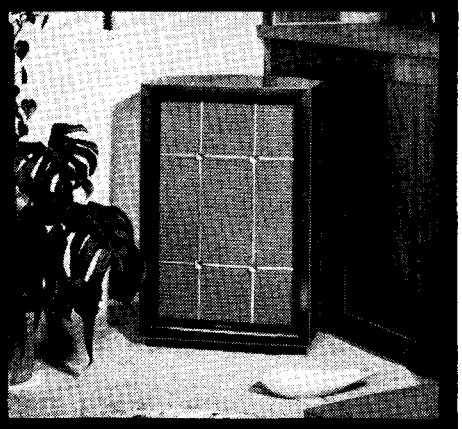

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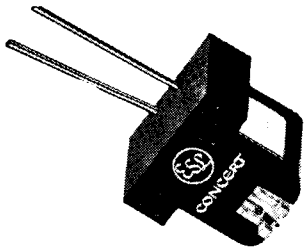

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Spring Showings

IT IS A far cry from the old days of jazz, when the cornetist often played with one foot on a cuspidor, but I must say that, unlike certain elegiac friends of mine, I find very little difficulty in moving with the times. Consider, for instance, "Shelly Manne and His Men, Vol. 5" (Contemporary C3519). Here, surely, is one of the strongest and subtlest rhythm sections we have had, with Mr. Manne at the drums; Russ Freeman, piano; and the remarkable Leroy Vinegar, walking bass. It often seems to me that the development of the rhythm section, in pliancy, in variety, in dynamic shading, is the most striking feature of modern jazz. Time and again, in playing old and cherished records, I am forced to concede that the boys in the back row have come to sound rather stodgy and heavy-handed. This is no reflection on such classic drummers as, for example, Baby Dodds, but it is rare for any of the older *sections* to provide anything like the impulse of the newer groups. In front of the rhythm, on this date, we have Stu Williamson, trumpet and Charlie Mariano, alto sax. The latter has obviously listened hard to the late Charlie Parker, and the absolutely stunning item on this program seems to me to be Parker's "Moose the Mooch," with Vinegar sending all before him. But the bill is rewarding all around.

Another delight from the West Coast is the "Chico Hamilton Quintet" (Pacific Jazz PJ-1225), with the sensitive Hamilton drumming, and Paul Horn, saxes, clarinet and flute; John Pisano, guitar; Fred Katz, cello (a welcome refugee from the National Symphony Orchestra of Washington, D.C.); and Carson Smith, bass. Here there is some lovely, fragrant business, and I call special attention to Jim Hall's tropical "Siete-Cuatro." I think the full thirteen numbers constitute Hamilton's finest disc to date, and he has previously set his own high marks to shoot at.

The current Count Basie band is elegantly represented on "Basie's Best" (ARS G422) which includes such latter day specialties as Neal Hefti's "Lollypop" and such standards as "One O'Clock Jump." What is there left to say about this organization? Once it is remarked that some of the earlier editions, such as that including the tenor saxophonist Lester Young, may have had a cut more quality, once it is observed that the band is often much better than its material, the would-be critic is left sitting. I daresay the outfit has had its bad evenings. So, I presume, did Margaret Matzenauer and John Philip Sousa and the Hurtado Brothers' Royal Marimba Band. I have enjoyed this Basie disc more than "Dizzy Gillespie's Big Band Jazz" (ARS G423). On the basis of the evidence here, Gillespie has not been able to build a large combination with the wonderful blend of ease and force which characterizes the Basie ensemble. But devotees of Dizzy's rococo trumpet, as I am, will hear plenty to please them.

Dizzy Gillespie—"plenty to please."

A most attractive record is "Jazz Pianists Galore" (Jazz West Coast-506) with performances, largely of standards, by Carl Perkins, Jimmy Rowles, Russ Freeman, Richard Twardzik, Hampton Hawes, Bobby Timmons, John Lewis, Pete Jolly and Al Haig. In most of this playing there is a refreshing lack of exhibitionism, of cascading or noodling for its own sake; the left hands of the players do not, as in so much modern piano jazz, seem partially paralyzed; and in one selection, Jimmy Rowles's "Sonny Speaks" (with Mel Lewis, drums, and Ben Tucker, bass), we have an outstanding delicacy.

While browsing through "The Guinness Book of Superlatives" in search of sentiments to suit the springtime weather, I came upon the following:

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CURIOUSLY enough, the Eastern school of modern jazz, stemming out of the nervous rigors and tensions of New York, seems to be more relaxed and loose-jointed than many members of the balmy California persuasion. This statement doubtless has the weakness of most generalities, but I will invite a comparison, for instance, between The East in "All Night Long" (Prestige LP 7073) and The West in "Howard Rumsey's Lighthouse All-Stars, Vol. 8" (Contemporary C 3528). It is a case, in many passages, of the songful and lazy (with some lovely flute playing by Jerome Richardson) as against taut brilliance (Frank Rosolino's fantastic trombone technique is symbolic here). I suppose it would be perfectly possible to make the opposite argument, based on other albums, but I do have the sense that at the present time the old barrel house spirit is stronger in Gotham than in the Pacific studios.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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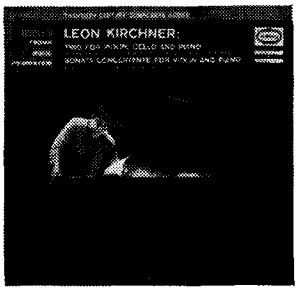

Leon Kirchner: Trio for Violin, 'Cello and Piano; Sonata Concertante for Violin and Piano. Nathan Rubin and Eudice Shapiro, violins, George Neikrug, 'cello, Leon Kirchner, piano. (LC 3306)

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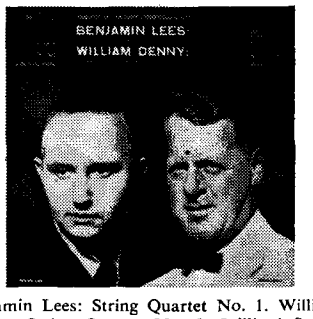

Benjamin Lees: String Quartet No. 1. William Denny: String Quartet No. 2. Juilliard String Quartet. (LC 3325)

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—Drawings of Margot Fonteyn and Alexander Grant by Cosman.

Margot Fonteyn in "Petrushka"

By FERNAU HALL

BY A ROYAL CHARTER signed by the Queen, the Sadlers Wells Ballet, the Sadlers Wells Theatre Ballet, and the Sadlers Wells School are to be known as the Royal Ballet. This change of name was overdue, for the Sadlers Wells organization has been in effect the British state ballet for some time.

Another long-overdue event took place at Covent Garden on March 26—the première of "Petrushka," staged by the Royal Ballet for the first time. No doubt the production of this ballet was inspired by the great success of "The Firebird," already one of the pillars of the repertoire. The company has been greatly strengthened by taking these two Fokine masterpieces into its repertoire, and it is to be hoped that this sensible policy will continue; for such productions show the company at its best, doing what only a great state ballet can do, *i.e.* provide the choreographic equivalent of art galleries and museums.

There were seventeen curtain calls after the première of "Petrushka": nothing like it had been heard at the Garden since the first night of the Bolshoi season. This enthusiasm was fully justified. Though the performance was not ideal in all respects, it represented a triumph for the producers, Serge Grigoriev and Lyubov Tchernicheva—who had worked with the utmost patience and authority to revive all the beauties of the original Diaghilev production of 1911. Very properly, they were given an ovation to themselves.

Throughout the performance it was a delight to watch hundreds of half-forgotten details of choreography and staging spring to life amid the vivid colours of the decor and costumes. Petrushka soundlessly working his mouth at his first appearance in his cell, in a pathetic attempt at human speech, was unforgettable; so was the Ballerina, seated on the Blackamoor's knee, indicating by means of jerky doll-mime her fright and bewilderment at the strange sounds heralding Petrushka's irruption on to the scene. Margot Fonteyn was indeed outstanding as the Ballerina, showing her new-found mastery of Fokine's style, her impeccable musicality, and a delightful fey sense of humor (which she rarely gets a chance to reveal in the familiar repertoire).

Peter Clegg, as the Blackamoor, was one of a number of relatively obscure dancers to show admirable promise in this richly-endowed ballet. The role of the Blackamoor is by no means as rewarding as the other two principal roles, but he gave it an interesting and individual interpretation, emphasizing the stupidity and vanity of the puppet by a crisp violence, with powerful stamps on the ground.

The only serious mistake in the whole production was the casting of Alexander Grant as Petrushka. If one regards Petrushka as a character role, then Grant is the obvious choice, for he is the chief character dancer in the company. But Petrushka was created for and by Nijinsky, who was very much more than a character dancer. The role in fact demands qualities which Grant does not possess—a sense

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of tragedy, great dramatic ability, and a subtle feeling for expressive line in movements departing a long way from the classical canon. After the retirement of Nijinsky a number of fine Polish dancers—above all Shabelevsky—kept the glorious richness of the role before the eye of the public in the twenties and thirties, and David Blair's splendidly dramatic performance in the title role of "The Rake's Progress" a few years ago suggests that in due course he will give the Royal Ballet's production of "Petrushka" its proper core of tragedy. In the meantime we are fortunate to have Grant, who is deeply sincere and performs every movement with conscientious attention to all that he has been taught by Grigoriev. Here, accurately reproduced, is Fokine's choreography in all its complexity, the origin of many of the finest developments in twentieth-century ballet and modern dance.

The crowd is, of course, just as important as the leading dancers in this ballet. Rehearsing the crowd sets a severe problem to the producer, for Fokine did not fix rigidly the movements of individuals; instead, he specified for each group the direction it should move at each moment and how long it should take to reach its new position on the stage, demanding of the individuals that they should use their imagination in building up their parts. Here he took advantage of the fine training in mime at the Maryinsky school in St. Petersburg, and the great Russian ballet tradition which fosters a synthesis of discipline and initiative in all artists on the stage. Neither this training nor this synthesis is characteristic of the Royal Ballet; nevertheless, the dancers responded very well in rehearsal to the guidance of the producers, and under the stimulus of the costumes and wonderful Stravinsky score (conducted with fire and understanding by Sir Malcolm Sargent) they managed to achieve an impressive amount of atmosphere by the opening night. They continued to improve at subsequent performances; and the deficiencies revealed by this production may well lead to salutary changes in the training of school and company dancers.

No praise is too high for the costumes and decor, executed with perfect taste and attention to detail in accordance with the "original designs of Benois." (In fact the original designs are scattered all over the world, in museums and private collections; when the eighty-six-year-old Benois received the commission to revive "Petrushka" last year, he set to work with almost incredible spontaneity and accuracy to revive his original designs, with the aid of photographs and sketches.) Only one item seemed new: the act-drop, in place of the familiar devils flying across the skyline of St. Petersburg, showed a deserted, moonlit fairground from a high angle, with the steeple of St. Isaac's Cathedral looming above it. This masterpiece of scene-painting, harmonizing perfectly with the rest of the decor, was in fact based on Benois's first design for an act-drop: Diaghilev clearly made an error of judgment in scrapping it, and Benois was right to insist on its revival.

Grigoriev also revived the original lighting in all its subtlety—including the terrifying flashes of red light (from fireworks) which help to build up to the climax of the ballet at Petrushka's death. The ballet was designed by Benois from the beginning as a *Gesamtkunstwerk*—a synthesis of all the arts of the theatre—and it remains one of the supreme examples of this, a model from which all librettists, choreographers, designers, and composers can learn a great deal. It is above all a miracle of compression: the whole ballet moves swiftly to its climax with the most satisfying inevitability.

The Royal Ballet deserves credit for arranging for Joan Benesh to attend rehearsals and take down the whole of the choreography in Benesh notation, exactly as it was produced by Grigoriev and Tchernicheva: they were delighted that Fokine's masterpiece should be preserved for posterity, and gave Joan Benesh every assistance. She had an exciting experience when she began to work up her notes into a full score: over and over again she discovered hidden jewels of choreography—nothing less than the methods Fokine used to achieve his effects, methods which could not possibly be studied by watching the ballet in performance. An extract (from Scene IV) shows a good example of Fokine's subtle "polychory," with two groups moving in contrapuntal patterns of line and rhythm. The men (coachmen and stableboys) and the nurses both dance in phrases of twelve measures, but the nurses begin and remain two measures behind the men. The men and women perform different steps, and develop different patterns of repetition and contrast within their respective phrases; but the seventh step performed by the men is essentially the same as the seventh step performed by the women two measures later—and this ties together the two contrasted phrases of movement. It is perhaps not fanciful to think that in such analysis of this dance-score we have the beginnings of a new branch of knowledge—choreology.

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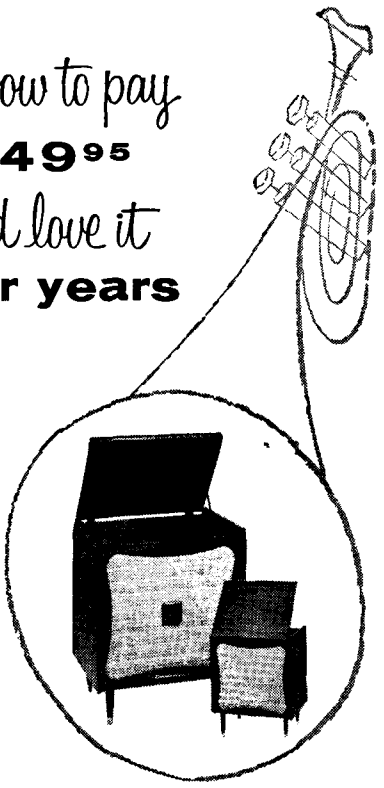

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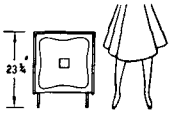

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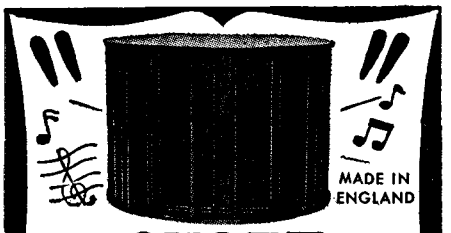

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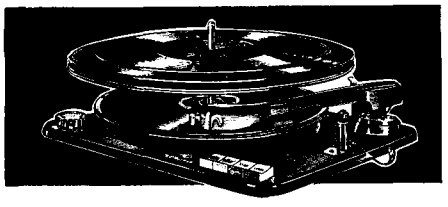

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Lipatti

Continued from page 41

and Fugue" to the Stravinsky "Capriccio" and "Sonata," Bartok's suite Op. 14, and a Hindemith concerto).

It is, therefore, not surprising that the record of the Besancon Festival concert—preserved, apparently, thanks to Radiodiffusion Française's program of broadcasting major festival events, and retaining the tapes thereof—do not add very much to the previous disc literature of Lipatti. Bach's B flat Partita, the A minor sonata of Mozart (K. 310), and fourteen Chopin waltzes were the "projects" of 1950, and they comprise the program of the Besancon Festival appearance as they did the agenda of the recording sessions in the previous July.

Nevertheless, for an artist of Lipatti's fine-grained sensitivity, his care for line and detail, his insistent pursuit of musical justice, gradations of expression and execution would necessarily differ from one occasion to the next. More particularly, the circumstances of the recording studio are not those of the concert hall, and it is valuable beyond price to experience the Lipatti of the stage when we have previously known only the man confronting the machine.

For purposes of mental refreshment I have replayed the discs of July 1950 to which he gave so much attention. They are beyond question masterful, but there is a dimension in the Bach and Mozart performances of the concert which adds measurably to the experience. Lipatti was confronting a much more menacing foe than the machine in his Besançon concert, but the control in these is immaculate, the flow and freshness of the artistic experience unclouded by secondary considerations. Expressively he reaches beyond the horizon of our previous knowledge of him in the slow movement of the Mozart, insinuating into those seemingly placid patterns a kind of affection and understanding few "interpreters" of this composer ever convey. The sarabande of the Partita is similarly lit by a clarity of mind and a warmth of spirit not given to many.

THE waltzes, however, are another matter. Without reciting the emotional aspects of the occasion—Lipatti had virtually been forbidden to undertake the appearance at all, but insisted on doing so—it is clear to hear, as the physical exertion mounts, that all is not going well. For a while, we hear it in an acceleration of tensions, in a heightening of the already hectic flush in the music itself. After a while, the hands do not find their marks unfailingly, and finally the sequence ends without the last waltz being played at all. There is another burst of applause from the audience—the rest, for us, is silence.

Did I say this collection does not "add very much to the previous disc literature of Lipatti"? For those who have not sought out the French Columbia FCX 495 (myself included) it will provide an introduction (alas, also a valedictory) to a composer for whom Lipatti had a singular affinity—Franz Schubert. The works are the superb Impromptus in E flat (No. 2) and G flat major (No. 3) of Op. 90, the latter with its hymnal melody sung over mandolin figurations, the former with its figurations cascading the length of the keyboard. Here Lipatti functions both as singer and accompanist, in a summation of Schubertian justice which is simplicity itself, yet all eloquence. Though he disclaimed pretensions to virtuosity, there are many with such pretensions who might envy—in the fulness of health—the even pressure of Lipatti's lacy figurations in the E flat Impromptu.

NO "macaroni fingers" ("doigts de Maccaroni" is Legge's recollection of Lipatti's self-critical contempt when a passage didn't go right) here. But an abundance of the mental balance and artistic breadth which impelled him, after a July day of recording that began at nine in the morning and lasted, with a post-lunch intermission, till midnight, to celebrate with Harold Arlen's "Stormy Weather" as a sign off to the weary engineers.

Writing in these pages in May 1953, his friend and mentor (from 1935) Nadia Boulanger wrote: "Hear these records of Dinu Lipatti, hear them many times: surround them with silence, without which there is no real attention, and you will understand what message they deliver. You will understand how one reaches unity by taking the utmost care of every detail with love and joy. We learn from those who see better and hear more than we do, that nothing can be considered granted, and that nothing can be neglected."

Had the records of the Besançon Festival appearance been available at the time she wrote Mme. Boulanger could have said nothing more pertinent. If anything, the message is amplified by the circumstances, of which no more need be said. All that remains to be said is that the microphone did its work superbly, that the pick-up brings it to the ear with all the immediacy of the happening as it occurred. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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The hands of Dinu Lipatti (Bucarest, 1941).

With Enesco (his godfather) in 1921, aged four.

With Cortot in Paris (1935).

Lipatti, Clara Haskil, and Backhaus.

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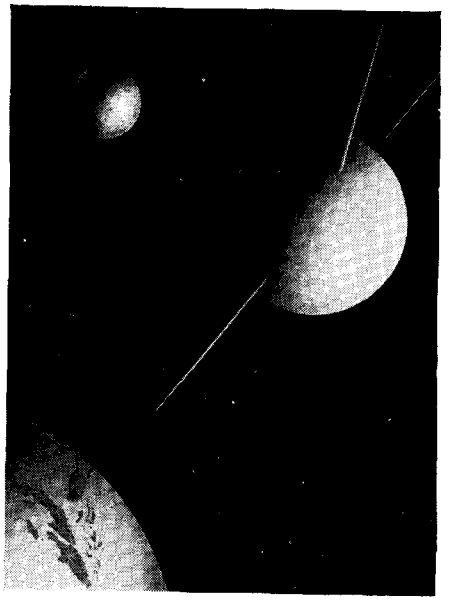

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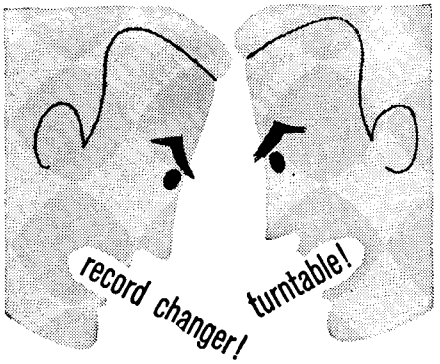

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REQUIEM FOR 78s

By JAN HOLCMAN

IF WE could turn back the clock and see our first machines for sound reproduction, we would marvel at the ingenuity of the modern age. We have come a long way. What was once the last word in novelty is today an antiquated technological relic. But 78 recordings have not lost all their appeal. Some of the great artists who were at their primes at the beginning of this century can be heard today only on the old 78s, which were first played on hand-wound gramophones. These recordings are still in demand.

I became especially aware of this recently when I was lured to a "Record Hunter" shop by a drastic sale of 78s at . . . 10 cents apiece. It was only the second day of the sale, yet the famous shop on Lexington Avenue already looked like a battlefield. In the elegant setting, where the late Mr. Seaman, the owner, had patiently and persistently collected and sold rarities to specialists, I found indescribable chaos, caused by a mob that had descended to strip his shop of its 10-cent items. A few weeks earlier some of these rare records had sold for $5 or more apiece. Why had they suddenly been put on sale for "only 10 cents"? Not the competition of the almighty LPs but the sudden death of Mr. Seaman, who suffered a heart attack, had forced the shop to the sale.

On this memorable sale day the "Record Hunter" presented an unforgettable scene: thousands of records, formerly handled as if they were antique porcelain, strewn about and feverishly shuffled by record enthusiasts. Pyramids of recordings lay on large tables. The discs which had fallen to the floor were indifferently trampled by "music lovers" delirious from excitement, determined to acquire the greatest number of records (at "only 10 cents apiece") in the shortest amount of time. Once quiet and well mannered, the customers now climbed onto chairs, crept under counters, and penetrated everywhere like scavengers. I can still hear the crack of rarities being broken, and see a few children playing with their chips on the floor: a scene out of Kafka! The invasion grew in intensity, and soon the entire place resembled an ant-hill disturbed with a stick.

In one corner two customers politely fought each other for a recording they had discovered at the same time. In another, large mounds of records were marked with the warning sign "TAKEN," others covered by a hat which served as a conqueror's flag. A girl with disappointment etched on her pretty face asked me where the "rock 'n rolls" were. When I pointed to an Iturbi record, she corrected me with a look of contempt, saying, "Oh no! This is Boogie-Woogie."

Two plundering types were clearly evident: the cultural ones—students, musicians, and collectors, arriving fearful that it might be their last chance to get some valuable 78s; and those who were buying only because the records were "10 cents apiece." There was still another category: those who saw in every 10 cent record an income fifty times greater to be obtained from less enterprising collectors.

With some difficulty I reached the far end of the shop, where I found a tremendous mountain of records. On top lay a piece of one inscribed "Rachman . . . Prelude in . . ." Nearby was another one by Artur Schnabel, the "Appassionata." The label was still intact, but half the record was missing. These two broken pieces almost matched, and I couldn't help thinking that if we were to glue the halves together and play them back, the result would create a perfect background for the situation at hand.

Somehow the big sale at the "Record Hunter" appeared to me as a symbolic requiem for 78s. Mr. Seaman's shop was actually the last place of its kind where New York collectors could find rare items. There is little hope that all of these recordings will be reissued on LP. In view of the new material which is constantly being brought out on LP, it is doubtful that record companies will spend the time, effort, and money to perpetuate on LP the risky keepsakes of the past. There may come a day which will start a new era in the recording world: the achievements in the field of sound reproduction will be combined with those in the field of television. We would listen to and simultaneously look at Rubinstein, watching every movement of his fingers, every detail of his pedalling, and every expression of his face. The change would cause a new shower of machines, gadgets, recordings, and a new crowd of music enthusiasts who would descend to trample, in turn, our modern LPs, now selling for "10 cents apiece."

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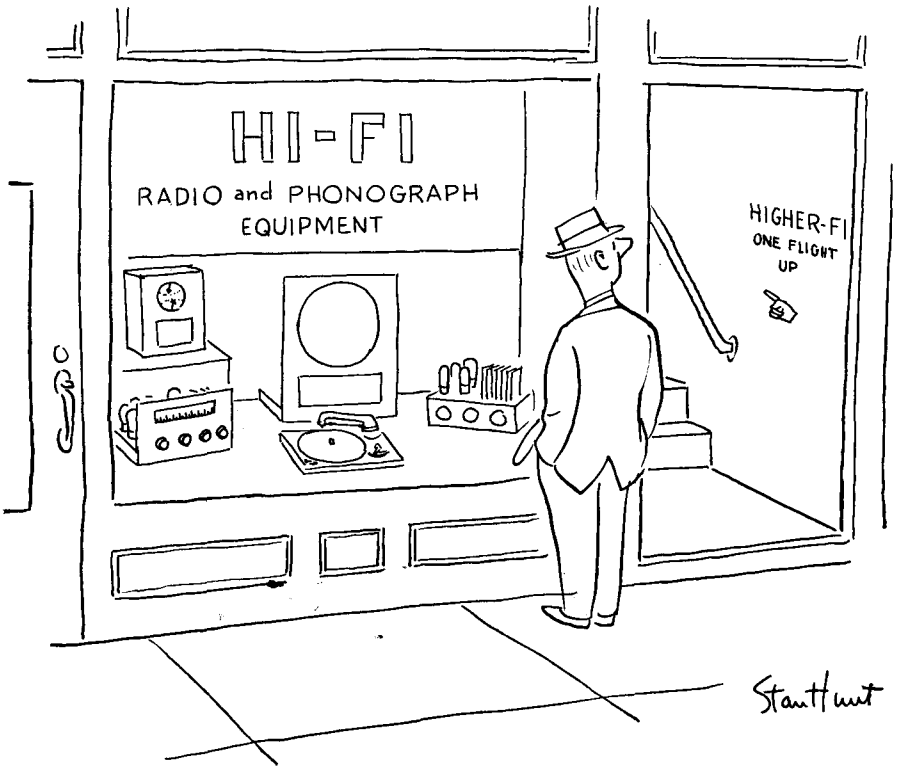

"THE ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK"

By STANLEY GREEN

WITH the music performed in such a film as "Funny Face" (Verve MG V-15001; $4.98), "original soundtrack" completeness is entirely justified, for who would possibly mind how often Fred Astaire is heard singing the title number, or how many times the Gershwin melodies are played in the background? In addition to the song "Funny Face," there are other gems from the original 1927 Broadway show, such as "'S Wonderful," "He Loves and She Loves," and "Let's Kiss and Make Up," plus "How Long Has This Been Going On?," which was dropped before the opening and later added to "Rosalie," and "Clap Yo' Hands" from the preceding season's "Oh, Kay." Although written some thirty years ago, these numbers are as fresh today as they were then. This may well be due to the fact that while they are all indisputably out of Gershwin's top drawer, they were somehow pushed to the back, with other selections from his large output kept nearer the front. Apart from "'S Wonderful," the songs are all relatively little known, and not only is the public given a chance to rediscover them, but also to marvel once more at the seemingly endless musical ideas of the brothers. In their charming paean to physical plainness, the title number is equally as appealing as the more familiar "Funny Valentine," Rodgers and Hart's tune written on a similar theme. And "How Long Has This Been Going On?" and "He Loves and She Loves" challenge the best in American show music.

To round out the score, the film's producer, Roger Edens, who was once a rehearsal pianist for Gershwin, and Leonard Gershe, the author of the screenplay, have added three minor Gershwinesque items of their own, "Think Pink" (which may have had as its model a song from the original musical called "High Hat"), "On How to Be Lovely," and "Bonjour, Paris." In addition, Mr. Gershe has changed some of the original lyrics, most noticeably and understandably, by substituting an entirely new verse to "How Long Has This Been Going On?," and by altering some references in "Funny Face" from "Gloria Swanson" and "Follies beauty" to the more timeless "Mona Lisa" and "Queen of Sheba." It is always a delight to hear Mr. Astaire sing Gershwin, particularly, as in this case, when he is doing numbers he originally introduced. Audrey Hepburn comes across in fine style with a sort of *Sprechstimme*

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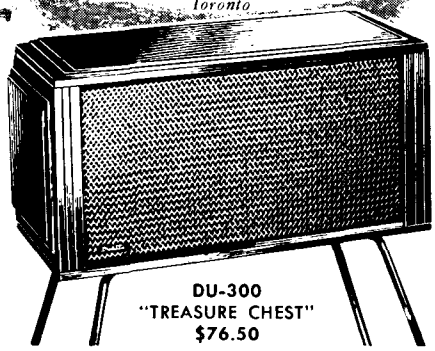

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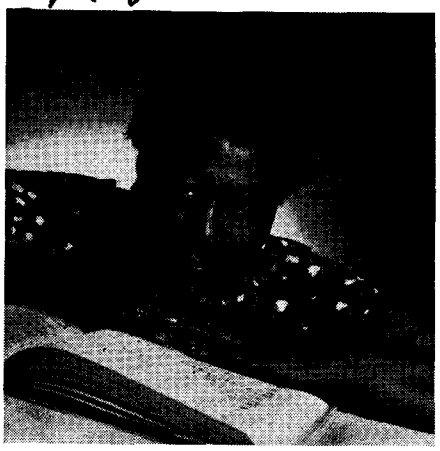

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voice suggesting Marlene Dietrich with an English accent.

However, completeness is another matter when it involves the soundtracks of some other recent films. In the case of "You Can't Run Away from It," even though the score is complete almost to the stretching point, the music (Decca DL 8396; $3.98) occupies but one side of a twelve-inch record. Featuring June Allyson and Jack Lemmon, the film, a musical remake of "It Happened One Night," contains four selections by Gene de Paul and Johnny Mercer. Two of them, "Thumbin' a Ride" and "Temporarily," are attempts to integrate song with story, but there really isn't much meat on the bones, and the title number, infectious though it may be, is rather too insistently reprised to justify devoting even half a record to the music. The reverse side offers excerpts from such film scores as "From Here to Eternity," "The Eddy Duchin Story," and Leonard Bernstein's "On the Waterfront."

More in the current main-title-to-final-fadeout vein is the "Written On the Wind" score (Decca DL 8424; $3.98), a hodge podge consisting of the Victor Young-Sammy Cahn title song sung during the credits, the old pulse-quickener, "Temptation," and some fairly heavy straining and pulling to make the theme-music sound important. Deserving a better fate than being the second half of this double-feature bill is Alex North's "Rhapsody for 'Four Girls in Town'." Rather than being a catch-all of the musical sounds heard during the film, it turns out to be an interesting, well-constructed piece, featuring Andre Previn at piano and Ray Linn on trumpet, which stands up well after repeated hearing. But they had better change that title before trying it out in the concert halls.

Mr. North is also represented by his score for "The Rainmaker" (Victor LPM-1434; $3.98), which is another serious, mature work, with a decided Western flavor without resorting to anything flashy or pretentious. The score for "The Spirit of St. Louis" (Victor LPM-1472; $3.98), by Franz Waxman, is devoted almost entirely to the famous flight. As befits its subject, it is lofty and heroic music that also captures something of the strange loneliness of such an undertaking. However, these two works, worthy though they may be, point the fact that when spread over two sides of a record, soundtrack music can begin to pall.

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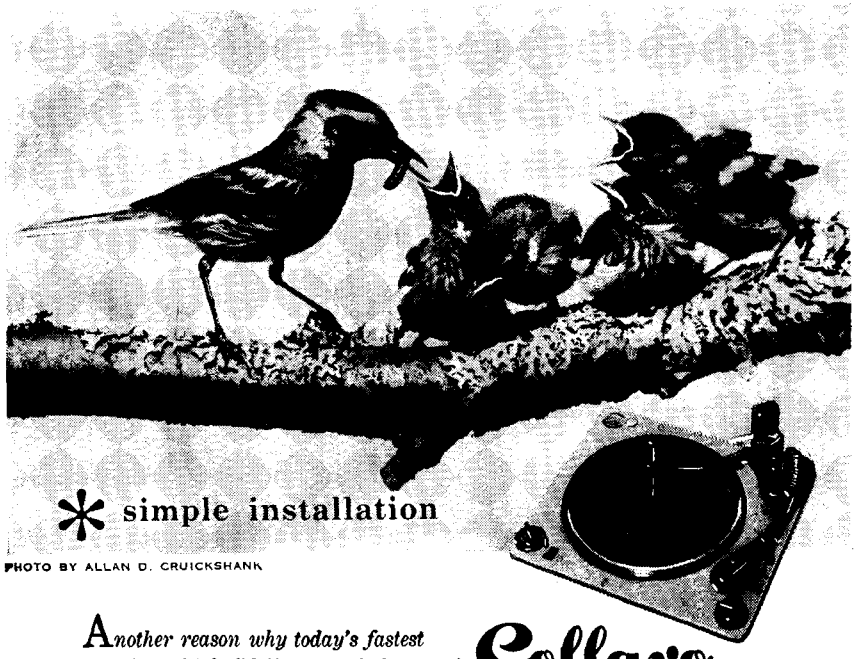

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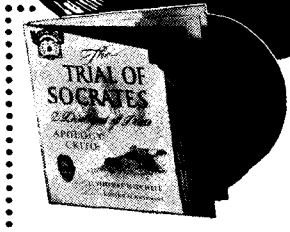

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THE OTHER SIDE

THE SECOND AUDIO FAIR

LONDON.

AS I write London's second Audio Fair is upon us, and restless audiophiles are counting the hours until they can invade the Waldorf Hotel in Aldwych in order to discover what exciting secrets the manufacturers have up their voluminous sleeves. All admission tickets for the opening day have been distributed, and Sunday promises to be anything but a day of rest for enthusiasts, not to mention harassed exhibitors who face the prospect of being on duty from 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. four days in succession. For all that, however, we are unlikely to come face to face with any startling innovations. No doubt many will welcome the opportunity of having another look at the QUAD full-range electrostatic speaker and other firms, such as Goodmans Industries, may show rival versions, but you cannot live on promises alone and a pertinent "When?" will surely appear with increasing frequency in the ensuing discussions.

No one questions that an annual Audio Fair was the inevitable outcome of the ever-increasing interest in high fidelity, but this must not blind us to the paradoxical influence of such an institution. Its value as a focal point and stimulus cannot be questioned, yet such is the rivalry between many of the manufacturers that they are apt to sow confusion by premature disclosure of future developments. Thus the prudent seeker after hi-fi may be forgiven if he decides that it is really a "mug's game," since any equipment he can purchase now will obviously be out of date before his bank balance has even recovered from the shock. On this somewhat equivocal note I propose to adjourn the discussion until next month when I hope to survey the results of our "lost week-end."

Not all the current drama centres around "My Fair Audio," for, as many readers will doubtless be aware, April has witnessed the concluding chapter of the gramophone's most celebrated transatlantic link: the association between Victor and HMV, dating from the industry's infancy. Early next month Decca is scheduled to announce its plans for the release of the first RCA Victor records in this country and the current HMV list is presumably the last we shall ever see containing the names of Toscanini, Stokowski, Heifetz, and Horowitz. If the last three do not bid farewell to the familiar label in truly memorable fashion the reverse is true of Toscanini, for his two-disc set of Verdi excerpts must surely take its place among the most cherished treasures of an unparalleled legacy.

Indeed, after listening to these performances, most of them dating from the early Forties, it is difficult to write of anything else. How tantalizing it is to have this marvelous final act of "Rigoletto," knowing that we shall never hear a comparable account of the rest of the work! The "Lombardi" trio took my mind back to a series of wartime NBC concerts re-broadcast by the BBC, and how, at the end of this particular performance we strained our ears to catch the unfamiliar name of the superb new tenor. Was it John Pierce? (Soon we were to know better, for the OWI film of Toscanini reached Britain and, in the "Hymn of the Nations," there was that same tenor, fully identified, responding with full-throated fervor to the Maestro's direction.)

What will HMV do now that it can no longer supplement its European program by drawing upon the Victor catalogue? There is talk of Capitol Classics appearing on the HMV label in this country and the company's newly found interest in historical reissues will undoubtedly encourage it to draw on its own archives. Already EMI International has plans to revive performances by Schnabel, Kreisler, the Cortot-Thibaud-Casals trio, and the Busch Chamber Players. This news will be welcomed by those who still rate musical values above mere hi-fi and it suggests that current commercial realignments may enable record collectors to enjoy the best of both worlds. Surprising as it may seem there are still gaps in the LP repertoire which can best be filled by reissues of SP sets in LP form. (Schubert's great G major Quartet, Op. 161, is an interesting case in point.)

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

WEINSTOCK ON CALLAS

ENJOYED reading Mr. Weinstock's fine article in the current issue (*SR* Apr. 13). "Maria, Renata, Zinka . . . and Leonora" is a marvelously unemotional evaluation of these splendid singers on the American scene.

E. B. MUTH.

Annapolis, Md.

CATHARTIC EFFECT

BRAVO, Mr. Weinstock! As one who has been overwhelmed by the cathartic effect of Callas's Norma, the incandescence of her Lucia, by the artistry with which she transformed the Tosca of Puccini's "shabby little shocker" into a truly moving tragic heroine, I was highly gratified to see an intelligent appraisal of her remarkable gifts. But Mr. Weinstock has possibly failed to give sufficient emphasis to her striking musicianship. Surely, as an artist—as interpreter and musician—Callas stands unchallenged on the operatic stage.

LESLIE EIDMAN.

New York, N. Y.

PERSONAL AND PASSIONATE

Is *SR* singlehandedly reviving decent criticism? First came Ciardi's horizon-lifting point of view, then the fine balloon-bursting of Pealeism. For this reader the matter comes still nearer to home with Herbert Weinstock's perfectly splendid settling of issues in our suddenly opera-mad world.

The gifts of Maria Callas may madden partisans of other Italian-singing primadonnas, but for any knowing student of lyric standards they are unique and treasurable. To attend her performances in New York this winter was suddenly to discover how grandly personal and passionate the great Italian wing can be. One salutes her for unexampled integrity in a field where precious little has been evidenced.

JOHN WHITBECK CLARK.

New York, N. Y.

PROJECTS FOR PEREZ

IT WAS A PLEASURE to see a picture and read a mention of Lily Berchman (Dolores Perez) in *SR* Nov 24. This is indeed a great, radiant, colorful, exciting voice, especially in the Montilla recordings of "La Viejecita," "Gigantes y Cabezudos," "Los Gavilanes," and "Cantares de España."

Why doesn't some recording company record operatic arias by Perez while she is in her prime? Even though the catalogues are full of "Seven Songs" and "El Amor Brujo" (De Falla) another by this singer would be welcome. She would do them the justice they deserve.

JOHN FRYER.

Albuquerque, N.M.

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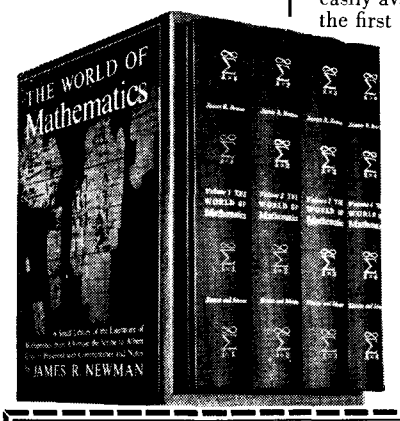

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